

THE LONDON MERCURY

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EDITORIAL NOTES

WITH this number we begin our fifth volume and our third year. We have not been able to reply personally to the many hundreds of kindly inquiries that have poured in—what clichés one always writes when one is returning thanks!—during the past month. But perhaps we may be allowed to thank our readers here for their constant encouragement and particularly our Original Subscribers for the gallant way in which they have responded to our recent appeal. We entertain deep feelings of gratitude for the manner in which our earliest friends and our latest combine to support us. There is one remark we may justifiably add. On the beginning of our second year we made the statement that during the first we had had ninetyfour different signatures to contributions. This number has now been increased by sixty new signatures.



ACORRESPONDENT asks us whether we have nothing to say on the place and management of public free libraries, considered from the literary point of view. This is a subject of as much difficulty as importance. Within the short period of their growth the public libraries all over the country have encountered and solved, or attempted to solve, their own special problems in a way that has made them into organisations of a very intricate and detailed kind. Their problems are special, their ultimate functions are far from easy to define. The services they exist to render are multifarious and loosely connected. Their financial resources are narrow. The control exercised over them by the committees of elected bodies to which the librarians are responsible may sometimes be cramping and arbitrary. With so many obstacles in their way, the library assistants may fitly claim our admiration as capable, enterprising, hard-working (and, it may be remarked in passing, underpaid) public servants. No one who has frequently observed the activities of a free library, say in one of the London boroughs, on a winter evening, can fail to be impressed by the powerful engine of culture which the movement has set up in so short a

time throughout London and the provinces. The Education Acts, of course, created the demand which the free libraries have sprung up to supply. But if universal education is as essential to the well-being of a nation as modern opinion almost unanimously affirms, then the free library is an institution no less important than the school. Its influence and its potentialities are beyond calculation or definition. We conceive, therefore, that we shall do right to make a few observations on a subject not often discussed in public. If by so doing we can increase the amount of discussion the subject receives we shall have attained an end.



DETAILS of organisation, such as library assistants hotly debate among themselves, cannot be exhaustively considered here, but are, of course, matters of public interest in so far as the public is competent to understand them. The aim of all persons concerned is to make the libraries as efficient as possible for all the various purposes they serve. The question of the "open access" system may be taken as an example of the many administrative problems which arise. Are the users of the library to choose and obtain their books by means of a catalogue and an indicator which shows whether the books are in or out? Or are they to be admitted to the shelves where they can handle the volumes and satisfy themselves more exactly what they want? The first system makes for order among the books and is a preventive of theft. The second obviates certain inevitable difficulties in cataloguing (a perfect "subject-catalogue" is an unthinkable thing) and undoubtedly saves the time of the reader, who is not in danger of being misled by the title of any book. On the other hand, smaller books may be, and we believe frequently are, stolen; and no supervision can prevent the introduction of a degree of disorder among the rest. Obviously the value of a library is diminished as soon as one book is removed from its proper place and cannot be found. But these points, though they may be debated, are immediately practical and readily grasped: it is possible for their importance to be assessed and for agreement on them to be reached.



BUT what must be the most important of all the duties of the librarian is not so easy a matter; and on the subject of the stocking of libraries with books we may perhaps without impertinence, and not without helpfulness, offer a few remarks. There used to be much nonsense current about the proportion of fiction and non-fiction asked for by library users. A reader asked for *The Heart of Midlothian* or *The Ambassadors*, and the intellectual progress of the country seemed for a moment to flag. The same reader returned next day, having grown more serious, and took out a nursery-governess's reminiscences of the indiscretions of the King of Ruritania, and all was well again. This absurd method of generalisation

has been exploded ; but it was founded on a fact and the fact remains. Most of the books taken out by the users of the public libraries are rubbishy novels. How far is the librarian, in allocating his limited resources, to take account of this normal demand ? How far is he to provide for the persons who are, it must be remembered, not only his clients but also his employers, the electors of the Borough Council which appoints him—how far is he to provide for these persons what they want, how far what they ought to have ? The alternative is no less sharp than we have put it, for if the libraries are to be engines of popular culture the librarians must have constantly in mind the *improvement* of popular taste. But they must also provide the entertainment which their clients and employers demand. The popular novel, rubbishy and pernicious or trivial and harmless, must be bought for the library, thus further depleting the small funds at the librarian's command. Yet the minority ought to be provided for, even disproportionately, for the minority which loves good literature is one which will grow and one which ought to be encouraged to grow. At the same time it must be remembered that the librarian's time is as limited as his funds and is very largely spent in purely administrative duties.



THE problem is therefore one of extreme difficulty. The sum to be expended is small, the demands made on it are large and incompatible. It is required, and not without good arguments, that the free libraries shall not confine themselves to pure literature, but shall also provide their readers with at least the standard and more expensive works on technical subjects. To what extent this demand ought to be complied with is a subject more delicate and complicated than could be treated here without discussion which would take far more space than we have at our disposal. We must confine ourselves to saying that it cannot be disregarded and that it makes further and serious inroads on the librarian's purse. The upshot is that the librarian's task in providing for that admirable minority which cares for good literature is very heavy. How, then, is he to see that the minority *is* adequately looked after ? He can, in the first place, by long and laborious attention, assure himself that his collection of the literature of the past is as satisfactory as his resources can make it. He can, he should, every year devote a little while to the standard histories of English literature with a view to discovering whether there is not some considerable author who is not properly represented in his collection. With contemporary literature, which is by no means to be neglected, his methods of operation are not so clear. He cannot read, and judge for himself on, every new book that appears. He cannot buy every new book that seems to be promising. His object must be to "back winners" only ; and that is notoriously an occupation which is beset with pitfalls. Here comes in an expedient which, if the librarian finds it practicable to adopt it, will certainly prove useful in many other ways. It is not hard for him to distinguish such persons among the users of the library as are alert, well informed, and of natural

good taste. The reader who takes out, on successive visits, let us say Greville's *Memoirs*, Trelawny's *Recollections of Shelley and Byron*, Pater's *Renaissance*, and Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe* ought, for any librarian who takes an interest in his work, to set himself apart from the quite worthy persons who seek relaxation after the day's work in trashy novels and trivial memoirs or those, equally worthy, who improve themselves by the study of technical works on internal-combustion engines and the theory of ball-bearings. This is to say, of course, that the librarian ought to give some of his time to making himself familiar with the records of such readers as seem to stand out from the rest. They will make only a very small proportion of the total, but they are a germ which, if the institution of public libraries has the value we attribute to it, must grow and ought to be encouraged to grow. A little preferential treatment to such readers will not be an injustice to the others : it will be merely the application of a far-sighted policy. And such readers can help the librarian to help them and so to further the cause of popular education for which the libraries exist. He can make their acquaintance as soon as they single themselves out by a wise and enterprising choice of books, and from them he can get practical assistance for which he would look in vain elsewhere. It is an undoubted fact (better known perhaps in editorial offices than outside them) that no one man can hope to be familiar with the whole of current literature or can distinguish even roughly the respective merits of the new books published in a single month. The chief hope for a man who wishes to have a working notion of the books that are appearing every day lies, apart from the critical journals, in the conversation of those among his friends who are interested in such things. If the librarian can gather round him such an informal committee, which need not assemble, need not be given any right to be consulted and perhaps need not even know what influence it exercises, he will have cast out an invaluable net for ideas. And the readers who are thus consulted, while they may not be trained judges of books, can be cross-examined and will give their advice in the knowledge that funds are limited and that they only injure themselves by urging expenditure frivolously. This system may be, probably is, in use in many libraries. It is very easy to set up because a man who uses a library regularly very soon provides complete evidence for judging his taste in the selection of books. We do not think that any more rigid and formal method could be more efficient in dealing with a task of great difficulty.



THE binding-cases for our fourth volume are now ready. They are, of course, uniform with those of the preceding volumes. Their cost, with title-page and index, is four shillings and sixpence, or five shillings post free. Readers who would like to send their numbers to us to be bound will kindly enclose an inclusive fee of ten shillings and sixpence when they do so. The price of the title-page and index is one shilling, or one shilling and twopence post free.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

WE are glad to join in the welcome to Mr. Stephen Leacock, who has contributed as much to the gaiety of the English-speaking nations as any other man. Professor Leacock is here on a three months' lecture tour, rather a novelty for a literary visitor to these islands, which remain different from America in this regard. His October engagements, which included several in London and lectures at Cheltenham, Rugby, and Repton, are over. In November he will be—we are merely making a selection—at Cardiff on the 7th, Bristol on the 9th, Birmingham on the 14th, Manchester on the 16th, Clifton College on the 18th, Glasgow on the 21st and 29th, Edinburgh on the 22nd, and Leeds on the 30th. His December engagements include City Temple (8th), Dundee (16th), and Newcastle (18th). His visit has been celebrated by his publisher, Mr. John Lane, with a reissue of *Nonsense Novels*, now illustrated by John Kettlewell.

A NEW publishing firm is Chapman & Dodd Ltd., of 25 Denmark Street, W.C.2. The firm will make a "feature" of cheap reprints of famous books. The managing director is Mr. J. P. Chapman, till lately with Mr. Werner Laurie, and a grand-nephew of Mr. Edward Chapman, founder of Chapman & Hall.

THE Institut Français (1-7 Cromwell Gardens) announces an elaborate programme for this autumn. Amongst those who will visit the Institute during the forthcoming session are M. Antoine (the famous theatrical producer), M. Henri Bordeaux, M. André Lichtenberger, M. Pierre Marcel, and MM. Jean and Jérôme Tharaud, the novelists. All the lectures can be attended for an inclusive subscription of a guinea.

THROUGHOUT the spring and winter the League of Arts Orchestra, under Mr. Martin Shaw, will be giving Saturday concerts (5.30) at the Guildhouse, Belgrave Road, Eccleston Square. Tickets are one shilling, half-a-crown, and five shillings.

NEW AND RECENT PERIODICALS

SEVERAL new literary and artistic reviews have just appeared or are about to appear. *Form*, of which two sumptuous, and now valuable, numbers appeared during the war, has been revived as a monthly by Mr. Austin Spare and Mr. W. H. Davies. The Morland Press (190 Ebury Street) is publishing it, and the first number will probably be out before these lines are read. It includes prose and verse by Edmund Blunden, John Drinkwater, Walter de la Mare, T. Sturge Moore, W. J. Turner, Edith Sitwell, W. H. Davies, Robert Graves, Arthur Waley, Richard Aldington, and others, and woodcuts and drawings by Frank Brangwyn, Laura Night, F. Carter, John and Paul Nash, S. H. Sime, Austin Spare, F. Derwent Wood, Edward Wadsworth, and others, as well as some calligraphy and original music. From Mr. Blackwell at Oxford comes the first number of a half-crown monthly, *The Beacon*. It contains contributions by Stephen Graham, R. Tagore, Gustav Holst, Stanley Spencer, Hamilton Fyfe, A. Clutton-Brock, Augustus John, and others. The cover is designed by the late C. Lovat Fraser, and the Editor announces that the object of the paper is to deal "broadly and constructively with three essential and inseparable things—Education, Religion, and Art." "There is darkness over the whole earth" and "a Beacon is a signal of warning in the darkness."

"FANFARE," which has a very fanfarical cover, is a mainly musical review, edited by Leigh Henry and published at 6d. monthly by Goodwin & Tabb, 31 Percy Street, W.1. The first number contains four "fanfares," by Granville Bantock, Manuel de Falla, Erik Satie, and Eugène Goossens, all very inspiring trumpet-calls. M. Lykiardopoulos contributes an article giving the history of the delicious *Chauve-Souris* company now performing at the Pavilion, there are some amusing pictures, including a portrait called *Bliss*, by F. Saucha, and various articles and notes. The review has a slight air of thinking that the world began yesterday; it is the lesser of the two gross errors, but an error nevertheless. *Broom*, published at 18 Trinita dei Monti, Rome (6), is described as "An International Magazine of the Arts published by Americans in Italy." The Editors are Harold A. Loeb and Alfred Kreymborg and the Associate Editor Giuseppe Prezzolini, already a distinguished name in Italy. James Stephens, Picasso, Derain, Conrad Aiken, Walter de la Mare, and J. D. Beresford are among the thirty or so contributors. The pictures are mostly more "advanced" than the letterpress, though (the word is advisedly used) Mr. Joseph Stella's drawing of Brooklyn Bridge has interest. The cover is rather commonplace, but the paper and print are good. Most of the literary contents are readable, and we may especially commend a sensible article entitled "America Invades Europe," by Emmy Veronica Sanders. The title does not quite cover the text of this article; it partly consists of a warning to America not to run after Parisian stunts, but to write as they really think and feel—excellent advice to anybody.

THE *Bookman's Journal and Print Collector* has turned into a 2s. monthly. The contributors to the first number include Mr. John Drinkwater, Mr. de la Mare (a delicious poem), Mr. H. Danielson (a bibliography of Lionel Johnson), and Mr. C. K. Shorter (who begins a series of chapters from his reminiscences. Mr. Shorter talks mainly of George Meredith. It was he, it seems, who first took Mr. H. W. Massingham and Sir James Barrie to see Meredith. Mr. Shorter gives an account of his management of the address presented to Meredith on his eightieth birthday in 1908. "One young poet was furious at being omitted," and an editor left out described Mr. Shorter as "a second-rate journalist"; "the then Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, refused to sign, as did Lord Rosebery, both, I understand, having strong views on Meredith's style." But many were obtained (including Mr. Lloyd George), and Mr. Shorter still thinks Meredith the most admirable man of letters he has ever met. Altogether this is a very interesting number.

"LOOKING FORWARD" (2s.), a new political monthly which appeared in October, aims at abating national animosity and misunderstandings—promoting the ideals of the League of Nations. The contributors to the first number include Mr. Hamilton Fyfe (the Editor), Lord Meston, Sir Geoffrey Butler, Lord Weardale, St. John Adcock, and Reginald Berkeley.

THE *Celtic Review* (Eneas Mackay, Stirling; one guinea per year—three numbers) suspended publication in 1916 and is now to reappear. An appeal is made "to all who love the Celt of the past and the present, and who would like to see his literature and history esteemed and understood."

"NOW AND THEN" is a periodical of Books and Personalities issued by Jonathan Cape, publisher, of Gower Street. The first number is notable for a poem by Mr. W. H. Davies, a portrait of Mr. Davies by Augustus John, a woodcut by Stephen Bone, and a splendid portrait of Mr. Doughty by Eric Kennington.

POETRY

Thoughts upon the Present State of the World

I

MANY ingenious lovely things are gone
 That seemed sheer miracle to the multitude ;
 Above the murderous treachery of the moon
 On all that wayward ebb and flow. There stood
 Amid the ornamental bronze and stone
 An ancient image made of olive wood ;
 And gone are Phidias' carven ivories
 And all his golden grasshoppers and bees.

We too had many pretty toys when young ;
 A law indifferent to blame or praise
 To bribe or threat ; habits that made old wrong
 Melt down, as it were wax in the sun's rays ;
 Public opinion ripening for so long
 We thought it would outlive all future days.
 O what fine thought we had because we thought
 That the worst rogues and rascals had died out.

All teeth were drawn, all ancient tricks unlearned,
 And a great army but a showy thing ;
 What matter that no cannon had been turned
 Into a ploughshare ; parliament and king
 Thought that unless a little powder burned
 The trumpeters might burst with trumpeting
 And yet it lack all glory ; and perchance
 The guardsmen's drowsy chargers would not prance.

Now days are dragon ridden, the nightmare
 Rides upon sleep : a drunken soldiery
 Can leave the mother, murdered at her door,
 To crawl in her own blood and go scot-free ;
 The night can sweat with terror as before
 We pieced our thoughts into philosophy,
 And planned to bring the world under a rule
 Who are but weasels fighting in a hole.

He who can read the signs, nor sink unmanned
 Into the half-deceit of some intoxicant
 From shallow wits, who knows no work can stand,
 Whether health, wealth or peace of mind were spent
 On master work of intellect or hand,
 No honour leave its mighty monument,
 Has but one comfort left : all triumph would
 But break upon his ghostly solitude.

And other comfort were a bitter wound :
 To be in love and love what vanishes.
 Greeks were but lovers, all that country round
 None dared admit, if such a thought were his,
 Incendiary, or bigot, could be found
 To burn that stump on the Acropolis,
 Or break in bits the famous ivories
 Or traffic in the grasshoppers or bees ?

II

When Loie Fuller's Chinese dancers enwound
 A shining web, a floating ribbon of cloth,
 It seemed that a dragon of air
 Had fallen among dancers, had whirled them round
 Or hurried them off on its own furious path ;
 So the platonic year
 Whirls out new right and wrong
 Whirls in the old instead ;
 All men are dancers and their tread
 Goes to the barbarous clangour of a gong.

III

Some moralist or mythological poet
 Compares the solitary soul to a swan ;
 I am content with that,
 Contented that a troubled mirror show it
 Before that brief gleam of its life be gone
 An image of its state ;
 The wings half spread for flight,
 The breast thrust out in pride
 Whether to play or to ride
 Those winds that clamour of approaching night.

A man in his own secret meditation
 Is lost amid the labyrinth that he has made
 In art or politics ;
 Some platonist affirms that in the station
 Where we should cast off body and trade
 The ancient habit sticks,
 And that if our works could
 But vanish with our breath
 That were a lucky death
 For triumph can but mar our solitude.

The swan has leaped into the desolate heaven :
 That image can bring wildness, bring a rage
 To end all things, to end
 What my laborious life imagined, even
 The half imagined, the half written page ;
 O but we dreamed to mend
 Whatever mischief seemed
 To afflict mankind but now
 That winds of winter blow
 Learn that we were crack-pated when we dreamed.

IV

We, who seven years ago
 Talked of honour and of truth,
 Shriek with pleasure if we show
 The weasel's twist, the weasel's tooth.

V

Come let us mock at the great
 That had such burdens on the mind
 And toiled so hard and late
 To leave some monument behind,
 Nor thought of the levelling wind.

Come let us mock at the wise ;
 With all those calendars, whereon
 They fixed old aching eyes,
 They never saw how seasons run,
 And now but gape at the sun.

Come let us mock at the good
 That fancied goodness might be gay,
 Grown tired of their solitude,
 Upon some brand-new happy day :
 Wind shrieked and where are they.

Mock mockers after that,
 That would not lift a hand maybe
 To help good, wise or great
 To bar that foul storm out, for we
 Traffic in mockery.

VI

Violence upon the roads : violence of horses
 Some few have handsome riders, are garlanded
 On delicate sensitive ear or tossing mane,
 But weary running round and round in their courses ;
 All break and vanish, and evil gathers head :
 Herodias' daughters have returned again
 A sudden blast of dusty wind and after
 Thunder of feet, tumult of images,
 Their purpose in the labyrinth of the wind,
 And should some crazy hand dare touch a daughter
 All turn with amorous cries, or angry cries,
 According to the wind for all are blind.
 But now wind drops, dust settles ; thereupon
 There lurches past, his great eyes without thought
 Under the shadow of stupid straw-pale locks,
 That insolent fiend Robert Artisson
 To whom the love-lorn Lady Kyteler brought
 Bronzed peacock feathers, red combs of her cocks.

W. B. YEATS

NOTE.—The country people see at times certain apparitions whom they name now "fallen angels," now "ancient inhabitants of the country," and describe as riding at whiles "with flowers upon the heads of the horses." I have assumed in the sixth poem that these horsemen now that the times worsen give way to worse. My last symbol Robert Artisson was an evil spirit much run after in Kilkenny at the start of the fourteenth century. Are not those who travel in the whirling dust also in the Platonic Year ?—W. B. Y.

FIVE EPIGRAMS

E.

STRENGTH have I loved and sung always,
 And tenderness, as well and oft ;
 Her perfect blend now cheats my praise :
 All that is strong with all that's soft.

A Prayer

NON *omnis morior*. I pray
 That, when I'm dead a hundred years,
 Whate'er of me yet lives may say,
 " Joy won his laughter, Grief his tears."

On a Cenotaph

WISDOM and Folly, Strength and Vice,
 Equality in sacrifice
 Was theirs ; whate'er the *all* might be,
 Each gave to England equally.
 Honour ! to each alike be kind,
 Who what he had for us resigned.

Spring Sunshine

TO fiery sun, blue firmament,
 To golden bloom, and emerald frond,
 Oh ! what a piteous instrument
 Am I, who only half respond !

To "Anon."

MAY Clio never come to rout you
 From that kind shade around you hung :
 Enough to know one thing about you—
 The cadenced beauty of your tongue.

I. A. WILLIAMS

A Prospect of Retrospect

WHEN I think how time will pass
Until this Now is turned to Then,
Like smoke that fades within a glass
Seem the curled fancies of my pen.

For this year's sturdy discontent
Will read as words a boy mis-spelled,
When I have weighed the Much life meant
Against the Little that it held.

EDWARD DAVISON

Asleep

UNDER his helmet, up against his pack,
After so many days of work and waking
Sleep took him by the brow and laid him back.

There, in the happy no-time of his sleeping,
Death took him by the heart. There heaved a quaking
Of frustrate life, like child within him leaping . . .
Then chest and sleepy arms once more fell slack.

And soon the slow stray blood comes creeping
From the intrusive lead, like ants on track.

* * * *

Whether his deeper sleep lie shaded by the shaking
Of great wings, and the thoughts of stars,
High-pillowed on calm pillows of God's making,
Above these clouds, these rains, these sleets of lead,
And these winds' scimitars ;
—Or whether yet his thin and sodden head
Confuses more and more with the low mould,
His hair being one with the grey grass
Of finished fields, and wire-scrags rusty-old, . . .
Who knows ? Who hopes ? Who troubles ? Let it pass !
He sleeps. He sleeps less tremulous, less cold
Than we who wake, and waking say, Alas !

WILFRED OWEN

[*This unpublished poem has been found among Owen's Manuscripts by Mr. Siegfried Sassoon. Owen was killed on November 4th, 1918, and this poem probably dates from the last few months of his life.*]

The Lure

SHE

‘ **W**HERE has the sweet lyre gone
Which Orpheus used to play ?
The pipes that Pan once breathed upon
O, Shepherd, where are they ? ”

HE

“ The Orphic lyre on high
By Jupiter was hung
Where rushing feet of Gods go by
And the swift stars are swung ;
By trembling beast and bird,
In depths of forests green,
The pipes of Pan may still be heard
The silences between.”

SHE

“ The lights swing up the skies,
The night is luminous,
I saw among the stars arise
The lyre of Orpheus.
The fish leapt in the stream,
The wild-fowl left her nest :
Did you not hear, as in a dream,
A flute-note from the west ? ”

HE

“ With dew your limbs are drenched,
Your eyes are wild with fear,
Your breath upon your lips is quenched—
Why do you seek me here ? ”

SHE

“ The mating songs of birds
Swept all the glades to-day
As forth I went with grazing herds
Through meads where naiads stray ;
I heard a dove’s soft cry,
My heifer listening stood,
A wild note made a low reply,
That dream-note, in the wood.

THE LONDON MERCURY

“ Gently it sighed and then
 The ring-dove cooed once more,
 The note took up its plaint again,
 More sweetly than before :
 The fowls from air were drawn,
 All to the greenwood flew ;
 From rippling meads, silvered by morn,
 The kine went trooping too.

“ The note was clear as light
 And fine-drawn as a hair,
 It drifted toward me in its flight,
 Like thistledown in air.

“ Drenched by a sudden fear,
 With stumbling feet I fled,
 As it came breathing in my ear
 And swimming by my head :
 Light filaments of sound—
 Diaphanous as lace—
 Blew softly till they wrapped me round
 And seemed to brush my face.

“ The meadow grasses caught
 And stayed my trembling flight,
 And in my heart the music wrought
 A creeping, faint delight :
 My eyes with tears were dimmed,
 My senses swooned away—
 I seemed afloat where the sun brimmed
 Deep in the breast of Day.

“ Oh, long, long was that swoon,
 When my pulse beat anew
 The thin white horn of the young moon
 Steered pale against the blue.

“ No other form moved there,
 Across the empty sky,
 But one faint star, which glimmered fair,
 And with the moon went by :
 Flickered no living thing,
 Save a wee cloud, hung low,
 Of tiny gnats in noiseless swing
 Speckling the after-glow.

“ Still dizzy, from the marge
Of Earth's rank, night-chilled breast
I raised me, as the golden barge
Of Day sank in the west.

“ Languid—while twilight wreathed
Still meadows and hushed grove—
I heard the silence, as it breathed
Like love that mates with love.
In forms like ghosts of maids
With streaming hair, with eyes
Hidden by gauze of filmy shades,
I saw the mists arise :
I watched them sway, unfurled—
Like sunbeams caught by night—
Edging a strange and phantom world,
Dewy and cold and white.

“ The silence walked round
And with me, till afloat,
Once more I caught a thread of sound,
That death-sweet, plaintive note.

“ From heights it seemed to glide
Where Lyra takes her flight,
To fall through depths of sky, to slide
With a slim trail of light.

“ Then, close at hand, I heard
Its faint chords touch the trees
Gently, as though leaf-music stirred
To a light, kissing breeze.

“ It sank away and rose
Next in my heart to sigh,
To shiver, like the wind that blows
From some lost melody.

“ In vain, in vain I sought
My dim path through the night,
Fighting the music, till I caught
Your distant taper's light.”

Even as a moonbeam pale
The quivering maiden stands,

THE LONDON MERCURY

Her eyes like stars in a dark veil,
Like fainting flowers her hands.

She feels the shepherd's gaze
Grow hot as tawny Day.
A shaggy arm she sees him raise
To fling a flute away.

As, with a shriek, she flees
The quiet woods awake
To hoofs that crash through sapling trees
And leap from brake to brake.

Thick is the woodland floor,
Silent the night and deep ;
How soon the brake is still once more,
How soon the trees asleep !

JULIA WICKHAM GREENWOOD

Revery

THESE are eternal waves that slowly surge
Between the ears till earthly music fades
And images from Memory emerge
Into the crystal sunlight of the past.

It is an old wind and has long been stilled
That moves those waters, and the sun that rose
Above the sea, and with warm radiance filled
The quietness, is a cold grey bubble now.

Only one figure lingers on the sand,
Singing as softly as the falling waves,
With slim white feet the foam encircles, and
Across her breast a long, green, dripping weed.

EDGELL RICKWORD

*Wandering Queens**(For daffodils fresh gathered)*

I

LOVELY strangers, you that are
 But new travelled from afar,
 In the wanderer's wake of spring
 Have ye spent your journeying,
 Till the hollows underground
 Heard the flute of April sound.

II

Golden maids, for joyfulness
 Doff your pilgrim winter's dress ;
 Put those tawny veils away,
 So your buds shall kiss the day,
 So your shining locks be seen
 Loosened from a 'kerchief green.

III

Now enchantment is undone
 You shall dance before the sun ;
 You shall toss your heads for glee
 Now the winds have set you free ;
 In this bowl with coloured lip
 Shoon of emerald you shall dip. . . .

IV

Nay—already would you fain
 Take the toilsome road again ?
 What could make you so delay
 Till your joys are runaway,
 Till your beauty needs must be
 Tokening with memory ?

V

Ah ! beside the mirror sit
 Ere you go, and counterfeit
 Each and all your darling graces,
 Slender staves and starry faces,
 In a crystal room apart. . . .
 Thus the chamber of my heart
 Doth entranced for ever hold
 Wandering queens with locks of gold.

DOROTHY GARDINER

D

SOME MORE IRISH MEMORIES—I

By E. C. SOMERVILLE

IT was in the summer of 1915, to be exact, on August the first, a sunny, showery Sunday, that Martin Ross and I found ourselves deep in the heart of the Kingdom of Kerry, eight Irish miles from anywhere on the map ; and when one says "eight Irish miles" as a definition of distance, it is as though, in assessing time, one said "as long as until yesterday comes again."

But to be marooned at an indefinite distance from everywhere was precisely the position that we most ardently desired. We sank gladly into the heart of Kerry, and the Slough—which is what in West Kerry they call the bogs—closed over our heads.

For nearly six long years I have thought of those Kerry weeks and known that did yesterday indeed come again it would be from among those yesterdays that I would choose my day. But there were so many and so perfect days that the choice would not be easy. August days on the wet yellow strand, with the stream spreading in silver lace-work over it, with little black cattle standing knee-deep in the smooth sea, and everywhere a blazing blueness, and seagulls screaming, because schools of fish were running in the bay between us and those pale pyramids of azure on the horizon, those far islands that are called The Skelligs. Or lazy, lovely September days on the Slough, lying full-length on a massed embroidery of flowers, close and gorgeous as the patterns on a Chinese cloak ; larks larking overhead, rising and falling like fountains bubbling with music. On the whole, I think the chosen day should be one of those that we spent wandering over the sloughs, and of them that memorable one upon which a certain small, white mother and daughter found their first hare. A super-rabbit, they believed her, as she broke from behind a super-crumpawn in the slough. Crumpawns are the lumps of bog-stuff and heather that stand in water and form the surface of many sloughs, and are the result of operations that I am unable to explain, nor whether they be of men or of the maker of sloughs. I know only that for those who are following, and are desirous of keeping in view, dogs in delirious chase they form singularly ankle-twisting going.

But there should be no recapturing of one of those August days, a day of shame, "featuring," to borrow the chaste idiom of the cinema, a cat, a small cat, seated on a haycock of rushes, looking with composure at her world. Near her was, presumably, her escort, two boys, making more haycocks.

The companion of the dogs, with kindly patronage, and adapting, as she believed, her language to her listeners, said to the boys :

"Mind out now would the dogs hunt your cat !"

The boys, who appeared to be stone-deaf and were entirely apathetic, continued to rake rushes together. The small cat, however, instantly took action. Springing from her cock, she attacked the dogs, and as, taken horribly by surprise, they fled before her, she clawed with cries of rage their rounded and temporarily tailless sterns. I, who was the dogs' companion, followed in pursuit of the party, flinging my painting-gear to earth, reserving only a sketching-stool as a weapon. The end came at a briar patch, into which the pursuer leaped sideways—it was probably her nursery—and, the order of battle being then reversed, it was well for the little cat that I had retained the sketching-stool. It was an incident shattering to all concerned, save to the owners of the cat, who continued, unmoved, to make rush-cocks, and so continued, while I withdrew, beating the dogs before me with the sketching-stool.

The house that had given us shelter was old and grey and friendly. Its master and mistress were of Kerry's innermost lineage, their servants were of their tenants' families, gathered in from distant farms, as well as from the little houses that clustered by the roadside beyond the demesne wall. Our native counties, our normal duties, faded from our minds, we were steeped in Kerry and idleness. Ours was the untrammelled calm of the little dogs *en voyage*, who, while we strove with porters and packages at Mallow, sat serene on our top-coats, surveying the despised world, so that the very waiting-room, woman was constrained to cry, "Annything don't trouble *thim* !"

Our windows looked across a wide valley to mountains, high enough to be inspiring, not so high as to preclude the hope of some day achieving their summits and viewing thence, as we were promised, all the Kingdom of Kerry and the glory of it. A narrow river dragged its slow length through the middle of the picture, a still river that widened and branched into many secret channels before it reached the sea. From its farther bank the slough spread, golden and brown and beautiful; on this side were hayfields, for in Kerry conventions have no weight, and in August to make hay is orthodox enough; the Kingdom is a law to itself and regards not external ordinances. We discussed the Daylight Saving Bill—which then either impended or had been imposed, I forget which—with Mag Darragh, the gentle ruler of the kitchen, an old, old woman with a profile fine and delicate as that of an empress on a Roman coin, and a hood of waved grey hair, and deep eyes in which humour and melancholy contended, now one, now the other, having the mastery.

"The Lord save us, would they have people to rise in the dark?" said Mag Darragh. "It's a pity they wouldn't leave the time as God made it."

To which the voice of an underling responded plaintively, "We'll all have to get new clocks so!"

For the pilgrim and stranger no more agreeable companions could be asked for than Mag Darragh and her underling Bridget, and their coadjutor Joaney Crohawn, the dairy-woman, a dark giantess, with bare legs and enormous boots, and violent views on most subjects. I remember that a

discussion on the treatment of prisoners in the German prison camps arose one day while we were being shown the latest pure-bred Kerry calf, a little creature like a black spaniel puppy, infinitely engaging. Various cruelties were alleged, and Joaney, who had a son in the Munsters, listened with an angry brow. Then, as further horrors were recited, she said, "And that's what should be done to themselves ! But sure th' English is no good ! I bet ye them rotten English won't murder their prisoners !"

It was another count in the long score against England.

The pilgrim and stranger, however, sees only the social aspect of Joaney and her like, and it cannot be denied that, from a more strictly domestic point of view, dealings with them are not devoid of difficulty.

It happened, some time before we came to the house, that a break in the dynasty of Bridgets had occurred, and there was a contemporary lapse in the payment of her rent by a tenant woman, one Mrs. Flib, of Bolus Head. (The name Flib was received with some legitimate surprise by the strangers, but was explained as being the local equivalent of Philip.) Mrs. Flib, recognising in some degree the claims of her landlord, the master of the old house, tendered, in lieu of the rent, the services of her daughter, as was an ancient and accepted custom. Therefore it was that, on a dark and windy evening, Miss Flib arrived, and was interviewed by the mistress in the shadowed kitchen, a place of mystery, with a profound furnace of glowing turf in place of the range of other lands, and dark annexes, with entrances and exits known only to the elect. Miss Flib, who was handsomely dressed in a red blouse, a purple skirt, and a gold belt, was asked by the mistress what she was able to do. She replied, with hauteur, that she could do nothing.

"But you can feed hens and pigs and calves, surely ?" said the mistress.

Miss Flib said she never fed a calf at all.

Old Mag Darragh, wise in silence, sat by the fire and hearkened. In the shadows Joaney Crohawn, the dairy-woman (that splendid savage), having possessed herself of the kitchen broom, swept furiously, a recognised mark with her—we were told—of indignation and excitement. (Akin to the "Powder-Play" of the Bedouins.)

At this observation of Miss Flib's she paused in her labours and remarked, "I suppose it was a governess she was at home !"

Old Mag Darragh, crouched by the great fire, clapped her hand to her mouth, with a convulsed invocation of the Holy and Blessed Saint Joseph. The mistress left the kitchen with a speed that seems to have been almost indecent, and sought the master in order to tell him that, rent or no rent, Miss Flib was impossible. The master, it appears, answered implacably that Miss Flib must be made the best of. The mistress, therefore, returned to the kitchen. There she found Miss Flib standing, with a foot on the seat of a chair, a mutton fist on her huge hip, while, round her, Joaney swept more furiously than ever.

"Like she'd sweep the one leg from undher her !" said old Mag Darragh in subsequent narration.

The conversation was reopened with a return to the subject of the feeding of calves.

"I daresay you could soon learn," the mistress suggested pacifically, "and Joaney would teach you——"

"Faith I'll do no such thing!" shouted Joaney, with a smashing bang of the broom against the legs of Miss Flib's chair, while that young lady, with an equal fury, and—I again quote Mag—"a backward stroke of the fist, like she'd be dhrawing a sword," declared that she would learn nothing from Joaney and would that minute go back to Bolus Head.

Bolus Head being some ten miles distant and the night being already well advanced, her intentions were for the moment frustrated, but the following morning she returned to her family without opposition, since, apart from the minor objection of general incapacity, it was discovered that a hereditary feud existed between the houses of Crohawn and Flib. The affair ended by the master saying, gloomily, that he supposed he would now have to process the mother for the rent.

To all persons with a proper appreciation of the nuances of mood there is an appeal in the arrogance and vividness of a small dog that is lacking in the larger simplicity and self-engrossment of a big one. Thus it is with the little rivers of Kerry, with their myriad changes of mood and mind, their assumption of might, their sudden passions, their faltering shallows; their fierce determination to reach the sea at a gallop, that is abandoned at the suggestion of a half-dozen of blue-grey boulders, and is transmuted into a resolve, equally irrevocable, to expand into a tiny lake that shall lie so still that it will entice the sky to repose on its breast.

One such is in my mind now. It was known to us as the Post Office River, because it met us at the door of the farmhouse that was called the Post Office (on, perhaps, the least valid grounds for the bestowal of that title in the history of post offices). It is at least certain that few other post offices have such a distinction as a private river, sealed to themselves, registered—the official phraseology imposes itself—in their names. To follow its course back into the country, to those hills to which, not in vain, it lifted up its eyes for help and contributions, became for us an obsession. The source of the Nile was not more hidden and mysterious. Less so, indeed, since it has been traced and mapped, while the birthplace of the Post Office River is shown on no map, and is, I am certain, known only to the eagles, whose nests are far above it in the high places of Fermoyale or Foilclough, or to the tall yellow hare that hurled herself out of her seat in the heather and fled up the valley, followed frantically by two white dogs, for the moment made mad by the scent of those flying feet.

Not only in its possession of a river did that post office excel. Its postmaster had a designation of which any postmaster might be proud and of which few would be worthy. Conny-the-Wings he was called, because in that land of leisure he alone made haste. No servant of Mercury could ask for a name more musical. Also in that post office there resided as handsome a young Kerry Beagle as anyone with eyes for such could wish

to see. Bowman was his name—a distant-mannered young hound who dodged, nervous and growling, among Conny-the-Wing's haycocks. His black coat shone in the sun, his tan face and legs were of as golden a chestnut as the boggy shallows in his own river, and he wore on his narrow chest a dandyish frill of white. He was built for speed, and the yellow hare would have fled something faster had he joined the white ladies in the chase.

There is a heresy which is essentially modern and English, and is born of Charity Organisation Societies and Red Tape, that it is improper to give alms to beggars. Happily, in Ireland, this has gained no foothold. In the Island of Saints we are all of the camp of St. Louis, with his retinue of beggar-men, even though we do not go as far as did the Emperors of Austria in inflicting complimentary ablutions upon their beggars. (Nor, I am reasonably certain, would our beggars enjoy such attentions.) No company is more agreeable than that of the true beggar, he or she whose life-work is begging, whose home is on the roads, whose means of existence is centred in his or her tongue—more especially her tongue—though it was, indeed, a he-beggar who, on being asked if he were married, replied movingly :

“ I'll tell ye no lie, my lady, I am not ! When I was young, I said, ‘ Come a day, go a day ! A single life is airy ! ’ But now I'm owld, and there is no one to my care, my lady, and that's why I'm in this low position of life.”

He called it a low position, but he lived like the King, levying his maintenance from great and small without regard of persons, supported by an uncomplaining commonwealth. And he had had his day of single airiness, and, one may be sure, had floated in it without a care, light as a leaf. How airy would be life if one could lift a new hat from the nearest scarecrow, and leave one's out-worn boots by the roadside and go forward, content, with bare feet !

In Kerry we saw but few of his calling. There was, I remember, a little woman whom I met on the slough, walking, with the perfect poise of bare-foot gait, on a narrow track through the blossoming heather and low yellow furze. There was something of the amateur about her ; she was not, I think, of the stricter order of beggar. She let fall, artlessly, the information that she had gone out that morning “ to try could she meet a little petticoat,” but the *rencontre* had not occurred. She did not press the point, and merely mentioned, in delicate reproach, that a certain Mrs. O'Shea had “ been very good, and had thrated her very dacint, and had given her a nate pair o' boots and a little inside tights.”

Feeling quite unable to vie with the splendour of these gifts (whose very function—as to the latter, at least—we were unable to determine), we were grateful to her for accepting a small alternative offering.

One gloomy evening, when the mountains had turned dark as indigo and grey rain hid the valley, a black-haired woman, very tall and erect, who might, not unsuitably, have posed as Lady Macbeth, rang the hall-door with conventional decorum and asked to see the mistress. To the mistress she announced that she had come to her for charity.

The mistress, scanning her with a discerning eye, said, " But you have no business coming here. You belong to Killarney ! "

To which the tall beggar-woman, with splendid scorn, replied, " Sure what good is Killarney ? Killarney's ate alive with beggars ! "

I believe that she contributed brilliantly to the gaiety of the kitchen that dark evening—and the usually reliable testimony of long and piercing shrieks was not wanting—and I am sure that the bag she carried on her back had a good share of potatoes added to it, even though she was a trespasser upon the domain of others.

It was from Joaney Crohawn that we received the Key of the Country, in the form of a small but wonderfully competent boy, who knew " the near way " to everywhere, and was personally acquainted with all the local bulls, their varying degrees of " crossness," and could tell to a nicety from which fields they could or could not " break out." He it was who introduced to the neighbourhood the two white ladies, to whom allusion has been made, and it was no less gratifying than it was surprising to find that in less than a week there was not a child within a radius of three miles of our centre who did not, after one heralding cry to its fellows : " The white dag-eens ! " murmur obsequiously the names of Sheila and Dooley as they tripped by, aware of, yet ignoring, the admiration they inspired. Perhaps they were the more esteemed because in Kerry black appeared to be the prevailing colour. Black cattle on the hills, black hens and turkeys round the cabin-doors, black shawls (when they were not of the abhorrent drab variety that has flowed over Ireland) over the women's heads, and blackest, and of most intense Kerry of all, the black beagles.

There is in Ireland a Government Department (possibly unknown to English people) that is called the Congested Districts Board. Among its activities is the task of improving the breed of domestic animals. Premium bulls, asses, pigs, and poultry are consigned, for breeding purposes, to qualified caretakers, and of the various efforts in aid of Irish peasants few have had more useful results. Joaney Crohawn, the dairy-woman, like the C.D.B., ruled in various spheres of agriculture ; the dairy cows and calves were in her care, so also were the pigs and poultry, and of these, none, I imagine, appealed to so deep an enthusiasm as the poultry. It had happened, during the preceding spring, that the mistress had been given, by her mother, a small but very select party of copper-coloured turkey-hens.

" It would be a pity not to breed from them," she said to Joaney ; " I must buy a cock, and a good one."

" Do not buy a cock at all," replied Joaney, with a certain mystery.

No more was said. A few nights later the master and mistress, seated after dinner in the drawing-room, were aware of a creeping foot on the gravel outside the window. They listened with some apprehension (for there have been quieter times in Kerry than the year 1915), and then a hand tapped on the glass. The mistress went to the window and, seeing only the shawled figure of a woman, she opened it. Immediately the woman

flung back the shawl and, pressing close to the window, thrust into the bosom of the mistress an enormous turkey-cock, and vanished into the night. If the memory of a fairy turkey-cock, that haunted a certain mountain and was said to "go coaching around annyone he'd meet," had occurred to her, it might at least have been an explanation of this portent. But that this was a material turkey-cock was apparent, since, in panic that only equalled her own, he "coached" round the room and, mounting the table, threw over the lamp, which went out. The mistress, after a few seconds of blind and groping terror, achieved the door and escaped, leaving the master to compete alone with the turkey-cock. She then rushed from the house in pursuit of the shawled woman.

There was, she says, a faint young moon ; in the uncut meadow there was a corncrake rasping a serenade to his love, and also in the uncut meadow was the shawled woman, fleeing, in the teeth of all the laws of agriculture, through the long dew-laden grass ; she would have told you simply it was "the near way."

The mistress was too agitated to comment on this feature of the case. She tells us that when she overtook the retreating woman all she could say was :

"In God's name who are you ?"

"Whisht, ma'am ! Don't say a word !" replied the woman. "That's the Congested Bird ! Sure th' inspector won't be in it for a month !"

The woman was the official keeper of one of the Congested District Board's poultry stations, and was related intricately to Joaney Crohawn.

For several weeks the Congested Bird remained in Joaney's care, and was much admired by visitors. Inquiries as to whence he had come were blocked by her with the remark, cryptic yet pregnant :

"Why, then, 'tis the misthress has the good mother !"

THE EVOLUTION OF DAMN !

By O. G. S. CRAWFORD

AN icy wind was blowing from the east across the desert. The atmosphere was hazy with fine dust, whirled in fitful gusts over the rolling plateau. The sun was hidden by a blanket of lowering clouds without a rift. There seemed no possibility of life existing here ; but hidden in dried-up silver beds might be found a few wind-swept shrubs of the tamarisk order and tufts of brown scraggy grass. In their neighbourhood were traces of hoofed creatures that presumably were attracted there by this forbidding herbage.

In one of these shallow, half-hidden valleys an observer might have seen a moving object, hardly to be distinguished from the yellow-brown background of the desert. Its progress was slow and spasmodic, as if achieved with difficulty, and it seemed to be some two-legged creature whose upper part was a shapeless mass of hair. A closer view would have shown it to be a man carrying on his shoulder the carcass of some kind of goat. But the man himself was hardly less hairy than his lifeless burden, and of the same dun hue as everything upon that bleak upland. During one of his periodical halts the man appeared to be readjusting his burden, and at the same time trying to reach with his hand some inaccessible portion of his shoulders. These movements caused something to detach itself from his waist and slip unnoticed to the ground. His efforts seemed to leave him unsatisfied, for as he resumed his toilsome journey his rugged brows were contracted into a scowl and his lips moved as if muttering some ineffective imprecation. Very soon he faded away into the landscape as unobtrusively as he had first entered upon it.

But it was evident that the desert was not as lifeless as it had appeared at first.

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For centuries the wind whirled the dust over that upland rarely visited by human beings. Then slowly the wind subsided and the sun came out and the grass grew thick and green, covering the bare soil with a carpet of springy turf.

One summer morning a shepherd appeared leading his flock of long-eared sheep across the downs. He descended the gently sloping sides of a valley to a pool of water at the bottom, where he stooped to drink. As he did so the wolfskin which was tied over his shoulders parted and fell forwards into the pool, and the button which had held it in place rolled away into the long grass. With an ejaculation, he turned to look for it, and continued hunting for some time, but in vain. Then he told the dog to let the sheep approach and drink.

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A group of people stood round a pile of freshly-turned earth. They seemed to be there for no more urgent purpose than to watch some others who were engaged below in excavating a broad circular trench. They were hacking away at the chalk when suddenly one of them—a short, dark-haired man—stopped and stood upright with an exclamation of disgust hissed out between his teeth. He held up a short-handled axe-like implement for the inspection of the onlookers.

“One of those damned foreign palstaves,” he said, exhibiting the broken halves of a narrow yellow object whose fresh fracture revealed a serious flaw in the casting. “*I said* deer’s horn was better, but they wouldn’t have it. And the traveller won’t be round again for months.”

He threw away the pieces in disgust and they fell into the ditch on the opposite side of the circle.

A lively discussion then arose in which both workers and spectators took part.

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Two women were squatting in front of a fire on which several pots sat quietly simmering. While they conversed the younger of the two occasionally stirred the contents of the pots, which contained a kind of meaty soup. Then the elder one looked up and pointed to two figures walking towards them between the narrow strips of cultivation. As she did so the younger woman arose, and, lifting one of the pots from the fire, was carrying it towards the tents when it slipped and broke in pieces on the grass, into which the soup quietly disappeared. At this the other burst out into a volley of high-pitched invective. The offender, quite unmoved, picked up the rim of the broken vessel and held it out to her, saying :

“Look, mother, it is one of those new-fangled Roman things, made on a machine. *That’s* why it slipped and broke so easily. Why, if it had been one of your own hand-made . . .”

But the mother angrily snatched the fragment from her and hurled it away. It broke into several more pieces as it fell into an old ditch.

Then they both simultaneously began to explain what had happened to the two new arrivals.

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Those who live much in the open spaces away from the congested haunts of men grow singularly acute in detecting unusual, or unnatural, sounds. Such a one might have been puzzled by a faint metallic clanking that gradually increased in volume as it approached a certain barrow on the downs. It proved eventually to come from a body of mounted men ; but both men and horses were so effectively hidden within an extraordinary arrangement of iron plates that it was difficult to recognise them as such. Their progress was slow, and the whole ponderous cavalcade seemed absurdly out of place in such a peaceful and secluded valley. As they crossed the bottom the leader’s horse stumbled and went slightly lame as it climbed the opposite slope.

Then the procession vanished over the brow of the hill, and the birds gradually resumed their interrupted occupations.

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"Yes," the excavator was saying in a hard, dogmatic tone, "it's a very representative collection to be found within so small an area. This stone axe, to begin with . . ."

"But how do you *know* it's an axe?" piped a thin little man who stood, with others, grouped round the trays of specimens. "I should have thought it was just an ordinary stone."

"Well, you see, it's intentionally chipped—flakes struck off here, and here——" And he proceeded to explain for the hundredth time that which words alone cannot really make clear. The explanation, as he well knew beforehand, fell flat and broke itself upon their politely veiled scepticism, though the axe in question happened to be a rather fine specimen.

"Oh, yes, quite so! I see. Exactly!" said the Hearty Man, taking it and fingering the haft-end appreciatively. "Now that's a fine sharp point to stick into your neighbour's skull, eh?"

"But why did they make axes both of stone and—er—bronze?" said the small man, not quite sure what exactly bronze might be.

The excavator was beginning a long harangue about "them," with dates and periods, but was cut short by the arrival of a lady. She at once pounced upon a small conical bone object.

"What a dear little thing!" she chirped. "What is it?"

Followed explanations.

"But I thought they wore skins in those days," she objected.

The excavator, ignoring the implication of telescoped chronology, proceeded to point out that buttons are still useful on leather coats, but she switched off on to another object.

"But this is only a horseshoe," she said in an aggrieved tone, as if she would really have liked to hear that it was a prehistoric tiara.

Resisting the temptation to supply an obvious need, the excavator assured her that she was right, and that it was of a mediæval type, adding, however, to console her, that it might have been worn by a real, live crusader's charger returning from the East.

Rather to his relief, his suggestion was accepted without further question, and he hastened to divert attention to some broken pieces of pottery.

These, however, though perhaps to him the most interesting of all, failed to arouse much enthusiasm.

"Just like bits of tiles, aren't they?" said the Hearty Man, doubtful, even, of his own simile in the presence of an "expert."

This slackening of interest seemed a good opportunity to adjourn the meeting, and the excavator was carrying the exhibits back to his tent when he tripped in one of the ropes and dropped the wooden tray, upsetting its contents on the ground.

He also dropped a remark, the first sincere one of the day.

Fortunately the objects were too hard to be affected by this somewhat rough handling. They were soon back in their tray. As the visitors were walking away he could hear scraps of their conversation, in which "most interesting" and "funny clothes" could be distinguished.

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That night as he lay in bed the excavator could hear faint scrabblings beneath the fly of his tent.

"Mice again. I must put all the food in the box to-morrow," he thought to himself.

But it wasn't mice. It was the specimens having their usual talk.

"I don't so much mind being occasionally dropped," said the stone axe, "but I do hate being misunderstood."

"It's their beastly ingratitude that gets me," said his bronze companion. "Where would they have been without us?"

"Where would you have been without them?" said a potsherd.

"In an Irish mountain—and *I* should have been mixed up with a lot of unworked flints (like what *he* was once) in a clay-pit."

"They just make us and use us and break us, and then blame us for it," said the palstave; "and then next time they wish they had us back instead of some absurd substitute they have invented. They're always the same."

"Barring the clothes," said the button, "which *does* make a difference. What I says is, give me to a man what's decently dressed and says damn when he means it."

"They all say that sometimes," said the horseshoe. "Why, even my . . ."

"You want waxing," said the button, anticipating familiar reminiscences, "you're going spotty all over."

"Sometimes I wish I had never been made," said the horseshoe, moping. "Whatever happens, one always gets let down."

"Well, we're in for a good time now, I bet," said the button, "you mark my words as says it. That feller what dropped us to-day, 'e's all right, 'e's a proper gent, 'e is, and dressed as such. I ain't got much use for them other chaps we 'ad round here in collars what you can't move about in without a-hurtin' of yourself. I likes to see a chap got up free-and-easy like, same as wot my chap 'ad on. Quite respectable, 'e was, too."

"They're all the same," sighed the palstave.

"Barring the clothes," corrected the button.

MODERN POLITICAL ORATORY AS LITERATURE

By E. T. RAYMOND

ONE who approaches the consideration of modern political oratory as literature must feel a momentary temptation to imitate the methods of the famous author who devoted a chapter to "Snakes in Iceland." He found it supremely easy, as well as perfectly accurate, to sum up the whole matter in one sentence: "There are no snakes in Iceland." In the same way it would be easy, and in one sense not inaccurate, to say in ten undoubtful words: "There is no modern political oratory which is also literature."

Such a statement does, however, require a certain qualification. Assuredly there is little political speaking to-day which deserves the name of literature in the same sense that did the great orations of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. There is one quality which distinguishes literature from mere utterance, however eloquent, or witty, or poignant. That quality is form. Form alone does not make great literature, but there can be no literature, great or small, without it. No doubt it is just to estimate the genius of a writer or orator by the degree in which he can make an impression on the reason or emotions. But a Treasury note may make a stronger appeal to the one and the shriek of a woman exercise a more powerful influence on the other. It is not, therefore, primarily by its power of moving that we can judge whether utterance is or is not literature. Many people would be more impressed by a rock than by Mr. Epstein's most discussed statue. But the finest rock is not a work of art, and the ugliest Epstein bust is. A cheap-jack's patter in Burke's day might have produced, on those who heard it, an effect denied to Burke in appealing to another kind of audience. But even in the eighteenth century cheap-jacks seldom talked literature, and Burke always did.

Modern oratory tends to be unliterary because it tends to be deficient in form. A modern speech is comparatively a thing of shreds and patches. There are plenty of good things in the speeches of living politicians—flashes of real wit, fine felicities of phrase, much ingenuity in the construction of dilemma, occasionally the note of high sincerity. What one misses, in comparing these efforts with the classic examples, is the architectural quality of true literature. That quality was present in all the great speeches of the eighteenth century. It might or might not be associated with those other splendours which made the eighteenth-century politicians richer in poetry than the eighteenth-century poets. It was not given to all men to coin the great phrases and sound the great cadences in which that age abounds. But the humblest orator, as the greatest, did at least build up a speech as a mason would build up a house, argument on argument,

and phrase on phrase. The result might be a literary Ely or a Brighton Pavilion ; that was a matter of taste and skill. But in either case care had been taken with every part, and every part had been considered in relation to the whole. The whole thing had the essential mark of artistry. It was wrought.

During the nineteenth century design became looser, perhaps rather more vulgar, but still there was design. I confess to no overpowering admiration, in any way, for men like John Bright, and even as an orator he appears to me to have been excessively over-rated. No doubt there was some personal quality of voice or look which print cannot perpetuate, but the main explanation of his power over contemporaries seems to reside in the fact that his temper was exactly suited to that of the class then momentarily dominant. That temper is now unfashionable, and the Bright type either leaves the modern mind uninterested or affects it with an active distaste. In these matters we are, I think, more in sympathy with the eighteenth century than with the nineteenth. In the eighteenth century words were swords ; the polish of a phrase was like the polish of a rapier blade—it was meant not merely to look well but to make the weapon penetrate better. The worst bombast of the age was not all bombast ; when a man may be called out for what he says there must be a certain sincerity even in his rodomontades. In the nineteenth century—or, at any rate, that part of it which we chiefly think of as the nineteenth—words were no longer swords. They were at best nooses to lasso the voter ; and, though rabbit-snaring may be more moral than fighting duels, it hardly calls for the same level of manhood. One feels, in presence of Victorian heroics, that the heroes were much too safe ; there is an unreality in their defiances and their talk of sacrifice. Impeachment was a very present danger all through the eighteenth century ; sturdy old Walpole fought for twenty years under the shadow of it, and at the very end of the period all the younger Pitt's influence could not save his friend Dundas. Besides, there was the duel. A duel might happen to anybody, and pistols are blind weapons. Even Burke had to contemplate the possibility of a Jacobin sympathiser sending him a cartel. But Bright went in fear of nothing more fell than the reproof of his conscience or a newspaper, and the worst that could befall Gladstone or Lord John Russell was resignation. The Victorians, so secure and so blustering, committed the mistake of playing drawing-room comedy in heavy drama style, and this it is, I think, that explains the antagonism of successors who have lived lightly enough through much danger.

This feeling, however, does not affect the fact that much of the speaking of the nineteenth century was quite considerable literature. Though usually lacking in compression, Gladstone could often rise to a concentrated splendour of phrase that placed him, if not in the first rank of orators, at any rate very high in the second rank. Lord Salisbury habitually talked literature. Disraeli was a master of form, even though it was often very bad form. But the specially literary quality of Victorian, as of eighteenth-

century speaking, was equally exemplified in the rank and file. There was scarcely one of the smaller and now almost forgotten statesmen who did not build and shape his speeches with the care men only bestow on things they feel are enormously important. The style might exhibit some sign of degeneration, but there was still a style. No Victorian politician was either so audacious or so slipshod as to adopt or fall into the comparative formlessness of to-day.

There is, of course, a reason for the sharp contrast between present-day speaking and the style of fifty and a hundred-and-fifty years ago. The eighteenth century cultivated great rhetoric, because great rhetoric was of immense practical importance; it was almost as important as bribery. Not all men could be bought, and those who could not be bought, fairly and squarely, by money or places or titles, were really incorruptible; they could not be seduced or browbeaten, and so had to be convinced. Hence a good speech was an act, and might even be an Act of Parliament. The main appeal was to the House of Commons itself, and had to be directed to the reason of a highly-educated and to the taste of a well-bred assembly. In the nineteenth century, with a wider audience, the logical grip grew looser and the language coarsened; it was no longer chiefly to the House of Commons, but to the constituencies, that the speaker addressed himself. The twentieth century brought a further modification, the scope of which is even yet hardly understood. The constituencies themselves began to lose importance; no sooner had the ideal been realised of "one man one vote" than it began to be seen that all votes were of no particular value. The real power in politics now resided in the party machines, and, as the election of 1918 so signally proved, an understanding between the machines can so "make" an election as to secure a House of Commons wholly subservient to the Executive. But while the machines may control the elections and give their decrees to the House of Commons, they are still not omnipotent. Two great forces work ceaselessly on Ministers, whether they have a majority of forty or four hundred. They may choose the electorate and chloroform the House of Commons. But they are powerless to disarm either organised capital or organised labour.

This change in the political centre of gravity has had its effect on the quality of political speaking. It has become far less literary. It tends on the one side to the dry and lawyer-like and on the other to the vaporous and catchpenny. In all ages oratory has been a very practical thing. People capable of moving others do not exercise their powers without a most definite object, and the political conditions of any period can be inferred with rough accuracy from the character of the speeches made during that period. Speaking to-day, as exemplified by men who have kept pace with the times, reflects faithfully the nature of the epoch. There is nothing comparable to the Midlothian campaign speech; that implied a constituency of measurable size and some degree of education, a constituency, moreover, intensely interested in politics. The constituency to-day consists of a majority of men and almost a majority of grown-up women; it is but

faintly interested in politics ; and its favourite papers would never think of reporting a new Midlothian campaign to the exclusion of much more interesting matter from Lord's, Epsom, the Divorce Court, and the brain of Mr. Bottomley. There is a use for the clever platform speaker who can confuse issues, misrepresent his opponents, appeal deftly to any prejudice of the moment, utter "grave warnings," coin catch-words, make small jokes to cover big blunders, and occasionally drop into a Hebrew-prophet solemnity. There is a use for the cool negotiator who can cajole, bully, or otherwise manage deputations, conferences, and so forth. But there is no use at all for the kind of rhetoric which used to be employed in soothing a suspicious or inspiring a lukewarm House of Commons. The old-style "great speech" has lost its point when the result of any division can be foretold with absolute accuracy by the party whip after a series of Lobby interviews. Such a speech is even to be avoided ; it offers openings for criticism on the part of unfriendly newspapers.

Hence it is not in *Hansard* that one must seek for such examples of political oratory as the times afford. Now and then, when a ceremonial speech has to be made, we find a pale reflection of the old pomp of panegyric, the gilded vehicle of eulogy, the Lord Mayor's coach of oratorical solemnity. Occasionally, also, when the Prime Minister has had to meet weighty criticism abroad, he has risen to considerable heights of eloquence and dialectical dexterity. But ordinarily House of Commons front-bench speaking is of two kinds only. There is the style of Mr. Asquith and his pupils, compact and dignified, full of matter and regardful of manner, but parsimonious and wholly lacking in what the art critics call "juice." There is the undistinguished, slovenly, scarcely grammatical style of the newer Ministers, who are at their best when they take as model some second-rate company chairman, and at their very worst when they attempt some small flight of fancy. The promotion of these men would seem an insult to the House of Commons, and only a few years ago would certainly have been hotly resented. But they have their uses. They say so little, and that so unintelligibly, that it is not easy for a good debater to follow them. They act as a kind of anæsthetic, and their success consists in the degree in which they promote lassitude. A modern Prime Minister welcomes any agency which will stifle interest in the proceedings of his Government.

Present-day conditions, then, are by no means favourable to great speaking. Nevertheless the politician who talks occasional literature is not extinct. Mr. Lloyd George, who has probably done more than any man to depress the old tradition, is yet himself one of the few who can sustain some sort of comparison with its representatives. In his tastes he is the least literary of the older statesmen. He seldom reads and never writes. His ignorance amazed the Continental chiefs of State whom he met during the war and the peace-making. But he has a natural sense of form, though not invariably of good form, and his thoughts go to a kind of tune. On the other hand, he lacks the power of self-criticism, and if few living men rise

so high there is none who can, on occasion, explore such unplumbed depths of bathos. W. T. Stead accustomed us to "automatic writing." Mr. Lloyd George is an example of "automatic speaking." He seems to be only the medium through which now a noble impulse and now a small, calculating, electioneering spirit expresses itself, and everything depends on which influence happens to be in the ascendant. He is at his very worst, in a literary sense, when he attempts the grand manner with a mean end in view.

For an example, let us take his speech at Llandudno last autumn. He was arguing that the continuance of the Coalition, or rather of a Lloyd George Premiership, was necessary to the very existence of the country. Apparently his better inward monitor refused to have anything to say to the task in hand, and left it to his lower literary angel. At any rate, the result is not happy :

The position in this country is like the watches on a ship. During one watch the man stands on the bridge while the other is resting. Then you have got the dog watch, like 1892 to 1895, just a short one, and sometimes you have a long one, like 1906 to 1915. Somehow or other, instinct has arranged that one is watching while the other goes down to rest. The one who has been resting goes up to watch, and the ship, somehow or other, has got through up to the present. But when there is a storm it is "all hands on deck." Every mariner, every old salt, is pulled out of his bunk. He puts his *sou'wester on to face the hurricane*. You don't ask him what watch he belongs to. They are all wanted there on deck, every one of them. I am standing on the bridge. I have stood through bad weather, and it has rather bleached my hair. The weather is not settled yet. There are more hurricanes ahead, and we are not out of the danger zone. You look, and you can see typhoons on the horizon. I look, and I can see gallant ships, like Russia and others, lying dismantled in the trough of the waves. Do not send anyone down until the ship is saved. Now you begin to understand why I was in no hurry to call off the crew before the ship is saved. I would not take the responsibility before God of doing that. In the face of all misrepresentations, all suspicions, all revilings, I will do my duty to the end, whatever the end may be.

The touch about putting on the *sou'wester* is a specially good example of the dangerous freedom with which the Prime Minister prods what someone has called the sleeping lion of laughter. It is really most risky to present an average audience with the picture of Mr. Balfour, Dr. Macnamara, or the head of the Government himself roofed in with tarpaulin. But, generally speaking, we have only to compare this tawdry effort with Burke's lamentation over the fate of Marie Antoinette to feel the difference between an age of refined and an age of unrefined bombast. Burke felt the dangers of a Regicide Peace no less sincerely than Mr. Lloyd George felt the danger of a recognition of Bolshevism. But Burke belonged to an age which, while readily tolerating cant, did most decisively dislike vulgar or mismanaged cant, an age also which, though it might be indulgent to commonplace thought, demanded that the most ordinary image should be endowed with some distinction of treatment. A gentleman need not be one, but he must at least look one ; a great man could say little things, but he must say them with a certain bigness. The present time has little of such sense, and Mr. George is very much of the present time.

The famous Limehouse speech offers a less shocking example of the same tendency to hover on the very edge of the absurd. Mr. Lloyd George compared the services rendered by the landlord with those of the professional man—the doctor was chosen as the type. The audience was told that the sole function of the great landlord was “stately consumption of wealth produced by others”:

What about the doctor's income? The doctor is a man who visits our homes when they are darkened by the shadow of death, who by his skill, his trained courage, his genius, wrings hope out of the grip of despair, wins life out of the fangs of the great destroyer. All blessings upon him and his divine art of healing that mends bruised bodies and anxious hearts. To compare the reward he gets for that labour with the wealth which pours into the pockets of the landlord purely owing to the possession of his monopoly is a piece—if they will forgive me for saying so—of insolence which no intelligent man would tolerate.

We all know that doctors are very good fellows, on the whole, whether their “divine art” is strictly divine or strictly an art. But somehow that about the fangs and the grip of despair fails by over-emphasis. We do not think of a great kindly necromancer charming away death. We are perversely reminded of Mr. Shaw's “B.B.” preparing to “stimulate the phagocytes.”

Take this, again, from a somewhat later period (Kennington, 1912):

They have abused its (the Insurance Act's) author in a way, I believe, that no Minister of the Crown has been assailed in my time. My race, my origin—they are topics of their vituperation. I am proud of both. There is one quality that my little race has that gives them peculiar offence, especially the dullest among them, and that is the gift of imagination. It has pulled me through many a fight, and it will pull me through this, because when insults hurtle through the air I can always see a vision of the horizon which sustains me. I can see the humble homes of the people with the dark clouds of anxiety, disease, distress, privation hanging heavily over them. And I can see another vision. I can see the Old Age Pension Act, the National Insurance Act, and many another Act in their trail descending, like breezes from the hills of my native land, sweeping into the mist-laden valleys and clearing the gloom away until the rays of God's sun have pierced the narrowest window.

The last few sentences are Mr. George parodied by Mr. George; only an artist in satire, like Mr. Max Beerbohm, could improve on that picture of Acts of Parliament (by and with the advice of Lords Spiritual and Temporal and members of the House of Commons) rising:

Broad and red
Like God's own head

to “kill the snow and mist,” or blowing like breezes in Snowdonia.

But there are occasions when, rising to the height of a great argument, the Prime Minister can say fine things with impressive simplicity or manage a complicated idea with consistent dignity. An example in the first kind may be found in his speech in the House of Commons just after he had assumed power in 1916. In calling for full national concentration on the war, he said:

Let us proclaim during the war a national fast. The nation will be the better for it, mentally and morally as well as physically. It will strengthen its fibre and ennoble its spirit. Without it we shall not get the full benefit of the struggle. . . . It is not what a nation gains ; it is what a nation gives that makes it great.

And here is an example of a figure worked out with consistent dignity and skill (City Temple, September, 1919) :

We have fought to establish a great and sacred principle in the government of the world, and we must ensure its triumph abroad and at home. . . . There is a difference between the man who goes to the jungle or the wilderness for sport and the man who goes there as a pioneer. They both face dangers, and the same dangers. One of them comes home, sits in a comfortable armchair, surrounded by the stuffed trophies of his heroic deeds, and he contemplates them with pleasure and indulgence for the rest of his life. There is the other man. He faces the danger, he overcomes, but he is there to clear the jungle, to reclaim the wilderness for civilisation. . . . I do not wish to see Britain sitting in its armchair with the stuffed trophies of its victories around it. I want it to reclaim the wilderness, clear the jungle—the jungle of slums, of poverty, drunkenness, ignorance, wrong, and every form of tyranny. . . . It is due to the immortal dead that we should do so. They died not that we should boast ; they died not that we should brag to the end of our days ; they died for the redemption of mankind. Pericles in that undying speech of his upon those who fell for Athens said, “ Acts deserve acts, and not words, to be their honour.” It is not eulogies, it is not panegyrics, it is not boastful speeches of our triumphs for which the dead ask. They are asking that we should build up a new Britain as a monument to their heroism.

One literary knack Mr. Lloyd George possesses in unapproached perfection—the knack of lively and obvious satire, effervescent with animal spirits, good-natured in form but deadly in effect. I call it literary, because, whether or not it pours from the orator without effort, it is a vehicle as finely fitted for the load it has to carry as if it had been wrought with the utmost striving of conscious art. But the very perfection of adaptation of means to end renders quotation difficult. To appreciate fully the art of any particular example one has to be seized not only of the whole facts but of the atmosphere of the occasion.

Mr. Asquith is literary in the manner of the best kind of State paper. His earlier style erred somewhat in the direction of excessive aridity ; latterly, perhaps, he has tended to more looseness of thought and phrase, without any compensating advantage in vivacity. It is the difference between sandstone and sand. But the best examples of his middle period carry the art of concise expression, exact and dignified, as far as it is well capable, and if despite this no speech of Mr. Asquith is likely to become a classic it is only because he never quite thinks or feels up to his style. He can talk as a lawyer and statesman, but scarcely as a political philosopher. Few living men so excel in the stately business of panegyric, and his tribute to Mr. Chamberlain in 1914 may be taken as showing exactly how far great intelligence which has yet no kinship with genius can go in character drawing :

He brought with him from the world of business and municipal life a freshness of outlook, a directness of purpose, and a certain impatience of circuitous methods.

He may be said, with truth, to have introduced and perfected a new style of speaking, equally removed from that of either of the great masters of speech who then had the ear of the House and the nation, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. If he kept, as a rule, closer to the ground, he rarely digressed and he never lost his way. He had, indeed, at his disposal all the resources, natural and acquired, of an accomplished artist, not excluding raillery, sarcasm, invective. But more, perhaps—so at least it seemed to me—than any orator of our time he gave the impression of complete and serene command both of his material and of himself, and, as has been the case with not a few great men, his speech and the fashion and mode of his speech was with him the expression and the revelation of character. In that striking personality, vivid, masterful, resolute, tenacious, there were no blurred or nebulous outlines, there were no relaxed fibres, there were no moods of doubt and hesitation, there were no pauses of lethargy. This is not the occasion, even if the time had yet come, to review or to attempt to pass judgment on his political career, nor can I personally speak of him with the advantage of that special and intimate knowledge which only come to men who have shared one another's counsels, and who have fought side by side year after year. But there are certain characteristics stamped on his work which are independent of the vicissitudes of political judgment, and some of which are, I think, the more worthy of remark because he was a man of severely practical aims. First I noticed genuine sympathy, which never failed him, with the precarious lot of those who in one way or another fell victims to the stress and strain of our social and industrial life. Another is the imaginative quality which suffused and coloured not only his language, but his ideas, when he confronted the larger issues of national policy. And, lastly, may I not say, no statesman of our own, or perhaps of any time, surpassed him in the two great qualities of confidence and courage—confidence buoyant and unperturbed in the justice of his cause, courage persistent and undismayed in its steadfast pursuit.

As another example of Mr. Asquith's manner his Guildhall speech of 1914 is worthy of study. In the course of an argument repelling criticisms of the British declaration of war, he said :

What would have been our position as a nation to-day if we had been base enough, through timidity or through a perverted calculation of self-interest, or through a paralysis of the sense of honour and duty, to be false to our word and faithless to our friends? Our eyes would have been turned at this moment with those of the whole civilised world to Belgium—a small State which has lived for more than seventy years under a special and collective guarantee to which we, in common with Prussia and Austria, were parties—and we should have seen, at the instance and by the action of two of these guaranteeing Powers, her neutrality violated, her independence strangled, her territory made use of as affording the easiest and most convenient road to a war of unprovoked aggression against France. We, the British people, should at this moment have been standing by with folded arms and with such countenance as we could command while the small and unprotected State, in defence of her vital liberties, made a heroic stand against overweening and overwhelming force. We should have been watching as detached spectators . . . countless outrages suffered by and bucaneeering levies extracted from the unoffending civil population, and finally the greatest crime committed against civilisation and culture since the Thirty Years War—the sack of Louvain, with its buildings, its pictures, its unrivalled associations, a shameless holocaust of irreplaceable treasures lit up by blind barbarian vengeance. What account should we, the Government and people of this country, have been able to render to the tribunal

of our national conscience if, in defiance of our plighted and solemn obligations, we had not done our best to prevent, yes, and to avenge, these intolerable wrongs? For my part, I say that sooner than be a silent witness, which means in effect a willing accomplice, of this tragic triumph of force over law and of brutality over freedom, I would see this country of ours blotted out of the page of history.

If Mr. Asquith is literary in the manner of the State paper, Lord Rosebery is literary in the manner of the essayist. There is an enjoying quality about his phrases which distinguishes him from those who value style, not for its beauty, but for its use as a weapon. He talked about "fly-blown phylacteries" and "mumbled incantations" partly because it would annoy the enemy, but more because it pleased himself. He described himself as the "croaking raven on the withered branch," not only because he felt it had some truth, but because he knew it had much picturesqueness. Two examples must suffice to show that, in his case at any rate, form is the essence of the matter. The first is taken from an address on the British Empire :

How marvellous it all is ! Built not by angels and saints, but the work of men's hands ; cemented by men's honest blood and with a world of tears, welded by the best brains of centuries past ; not without the taint and reproach incidental to all human work, but constructed, on the whole, with pure and splendid purpose. Human, and yet not wholly human, for the most human and the most cynical must see the finger of the Divine. Growing as trees grow, while others slept ; fed by the faults of others as well as by the character of our fathers ; reaching with the ripple of a resistless tide over tracts and islands and continents, until our little Britain woke up to find herself the foster-mother of nations and the source of united empires.

The second example is extracted from an early appeal to the House of Lords to take up the question of its own reform :

The opportunity, my lords of the Government, is with you. You have in the one House a majority of not less than a hundred ; you have almost the unanimous support of the other. You have, besides, the supreme advantage of a political calm, for, although reform is in the air, there is no agitation on its behalf to which you might deem it undignified or pusillanimous to yield. Such a chance rarely occurs, and when it has passed by is not apt to occur again. Reject my motion, if you will, but at any rate act yourselves. There is one argument which will, I doubt not, be brought against me to-night, which is brought forward publicly and privately, and which, I confess, has great weight. They say it is not possible to introduce sudden reforms in an ancient country, and they follow up that by the analogy that if you roughly or rudely touch an ancient building, even for purposes of repair, it is apt to fall about your ears. I venture to say in reply to that argument that no remodelling would come suddenly upon the country, and that no reform in this House, however radical it might be, would anticipate the just expectations of the people. And as for the analogy of the old building I would venture to say this, that if the old building be sound it will safely stand repair ; if the building be so unsound that it will not stand handling, then in God's name let it be so certified and declared. In truth, my lords, the frequent reconstructions of the House of Commons leave you no choice as to undertaking some measure of reform. Thrice in the last sixty years the House of Commons has dug new foundations for itself, and each time it has

dug them broader and deeper, each time it has received an immeasurable accession of strength, and in the meantime we have remained practically as we were at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries.

With Lord Rosebery, just as his diction generally is, there is always a suspicion that he is dominated by the passion for fine expression rather than by a regard for exactitude of thought. In Mr. Balfour, on the other hand, extreme fastidiousness as to words goes with a full sense of their position as servants and not masters. With what a majestic array of such servitors he can surround himself on occasion his description of the position of man as conceived by sceptical science may suffice to illustrate :

The very existence of Man is an accident, his story a brief and transitory episode in the life of one of the meanest of the planets. . . . We survey the past and see that its (the race's) history is of blood and tears, of helpless blundering, of wild revolt, of stupid acquiescence, of empty aspirations. We sound the future, and learn that after a period, long compared with the individual life, but short indeed compared with the divisions of time open to our investigation, the energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down to the pit, and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness, which in this obscure corner has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the universe, will be at rest. Mankind will know itself no longer. Imperishable monuments, and immortal deeds, death itself, and love stronger than death, will be as though they had never been. Nor will anything that is better or worse for all that the labour, genius, devotion, and suffering of man have striven through countless generations to affect.

But this glow is rare, and scarcely ever suffuses any political utterance of Mr. Balfour. His speeches are invariably literature, but they have also the quality of good journalism, in that they deal adequately, and no more, with the occasion of the hour, and seldom repay study at a distance of time.

Even more ephemeral are the laboriously brilliant compilations of Mr. Churchill. Mr. Churchill is the literary craftsman to his finger-tips, but he is still more in instinct the journalist, and it is not easy to choose from his political speeches things with the balance, the dignity, and the reflectiveness of which, on the evidence of his best books, he is capable. He has two great gifts : a rare power of clear and vivid narration and a remarkable talent for invective. Of the latter the following example (Manchester, 1904) will suffice :

The great leader of the Protectionist Party (Mr. Chamberlain), whatever else you may or may not think about him, has at any rate left us in no doubt as to what he will make of his victory, if he should win it. We know perfectly well what to expect—a party of great vested interests, banded together in a formidable confederation ; corruption at home, aggression to cover it up abroad ; the trickery of Tariff juggles, the tyranny of a party machine ; sentiment by the bucketful, patriotism by the imperial pint ; the open hand at the public exchequer, the open door at the public-house ; dear food for the million, cheap labour for the millionaire. That is the policy of Birmingham, and we are going to erect against the policy of Birmingham the policy of Manchester.

Much of the same character attaches to Mr. Churchill's intimate (though at one time political antagonist), Lord Birkenhead. A busy life at the Bar, over and above his political activities, has deprived him of the opportunities Mr. Churchill has enjoyed of doing serious literary work. But the literary quality of his speeches is, at its best, scarcely lower, and the momentary character of their interest is not less marked. Two recent examples fairly exhibit his scope. The first occurred in his speech moving the second reading of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords :

I do not wholly dismiss the dream that, instructed by the new orientation of this new world, we may succeed where the dynamic personality of O'Connell, the burning eloquence of Gladstone, and the iron will of Parnell were broken and splintered in failure. If this should happen how immense our contribution to the stability and greatness of these dominions. Should we in our day be so happy, history will record of our generation that we inherited indeed a mighty Empire, but that in our day it was menaced abroad by a powerful and most resolute enemy, while at home it was enfeebled at its very heart by a plague-spot of disaffection and sedition. And, in such an event, the annals of that history will record that we—our generation—after five years of martial vicissitude, broke in rout the foreign enemy, and, having done so, here, at our doors, reconquered in a nobler conquest this island of incomparable beauty, and, in doing so, became reconciled to a people so individual in its genius, so tenacious in love and hate, so captivating in its nobler moods.

The second extract is made from a very remarkable speech in advocacy of a change in the divorce law :

I ask any noble lords who take the other view whether or not they think it is a grosser violation of the obligations of marriage that a man or woman should wilfully desert wife or husband, defying every sworn obligation, or that a man or woman should yield to one fleeting physical temptation ? Let them examine the case of desertion in relation to the thousands of women who married soldiers from overseas or who had been deserted since the war broke out. These women had no means of tracing their husbands. If they were rich women the whole machinery and resources of the law were open to them. The rich woman could discover her husband, and could prove that he had committed adultery. What was the remedy open to the poor woman who perhaps, when she married, gave up the pursuit by which she made her living, and, relying on a marriage, was left penniless for the whole of her life, unable to identify her husband or obtain the slightest relief from the law ? She was neither wife nor widow. She had a cold hearthstone and fatherless children. There are thousands and thousands of people who at this very moment are in that position. I ask those who have opposed the Bill to consider what is a young woman of twenty-two to do—and I could give cases that would move your lordships almost to tears—who has to live for the rest of her life with no hope of alleviation, with a fugitive husband whom she can never identify, with the law saying to her, "We can do nothing for you ; you have open to you a judicial separation."

The list of the more important politicians from whom literature may be expected is now exhausted. No one could accuse Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Bonar Law of being literary. But there are two less conspicuous men whose quality is too little appreciated, since they seldom attain to the

"first person" report. Lord Buckmaster speaks always with distinction, and occasionally with something not far short of splendour. Lord Hugh Cecil, at his infrequent best, rises to greater heights than any politician now living. What, for example, could be finer in its way—considered for its manner, apart altogether from its matter—than his oft-quoted appeal for the co-operation of all the moral forces of the nation against materialism? The passage had a special reference to Lord Morley, then a member of the House of Commons, and defined the position of those who adopted the morality of Christianity, while refusing its theological basis:

These men, it may be said, erect in the mansions of their hearts a splendid throne-room, in which they place objects revered and beautiful. There are laid the sceptre of righteousness and the swords of justice and mercy. There is the purple robe that speaks of the unity of love and power, and there is the throne that teaches the supreme moral governance of the world. That room is decorated by all that is most beautiful in art and literature. It is gemmed by all the jewels of imagination and knowledge. Yet that noble chamber, with all its beauty, its glorious regalia, its solitary throne, is yet an empty room.

In another vein Lord Hugh is not less richly gifted. His sarcasms combine the polish of the eighteenth century with an athletic nimbleness of phrase that is quite modern. That, despite something so very like genius, Lord Hugh has never reached a great position in politics may be explained by a character which makes difficult consistent co-operation with any party. That he has never produced a great book is explicable only on the ground of indolence.

Such are the main representatives of the literary tradition in British politics. The average Minister, and especially the Minister of the newer school, is not merely unliterary. He is fiercely and contemptuously anti-literary, and, as a rule, not even literate in the higher sense. Syntax he regards much as he does the old-fashioned constitutional rules still circumscribing his freedom—as something to be ignored always, and spurned when it is safe to do so. The general level of speaking in the House of Commons is lower than it ever was, lower than most County Council speaking, and far lower than the speaking habitual in a good provincial debating society twenty years ago. And it cannot be said, as I suggested above, that the best specimens of modern oratory compare advantageously as literature with the greater orations of the past. They lack that touch of broad wisdom which makes a speech by Burke on some local election issue still a part, not merely of political but of general literature. The better of them are not to be denied that kind of art which distinguishes a clever revue from a stupid one. But nobody would want to see a ten-year-old revue, and there is, as I fear the quotations conclusively show, little modern political speaking which will keep its savour for half the testing-time suggested by the Roman connoisseur.

MRS. CARLYLE AND HER "CARINA"

By REGINALD BLUNT

A PACKET of letters, written by Mrs. Carlyle to the daughter of her Chelsea doctor, was last year brought as a gift to Carlyle's House by that lady's daughter, Mrs. Chambers. As one of the Committee of the Carlyle's House Memorial Trust these letters were handed to me for examination, with the view of their possible publication in aid of the funds of the Trust, which absence of visitors during the war and the heavy increase of rates and expenses have more than exhausted, leaving a bank overdraft of nearly four hundred pounds, on which the burden of interest is severe.

On collating these letters with the published volumes I found that nine of them had been printed in the *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, and three of these had also been included in Mrs. Alexander Ireland's biography, but that the remaining fifteen letters and notes had not, so far as I could discover, been published.

The whole form an interesting and characteristic little episode amongst Mrs. Carlyle's many friendships, an episode of which I feel sure that many of her admirers will be glad to have a compact record.

Dr. Barnes, whose house was in the King's Road, No. 182, nearly opposite to Manor Street, appears first to have attended Mrs. Carlyle in April, 1859.

Suffering from the effects of a severe chill, "sleepless, foodless, coughing, tormented somewhere in the region of the heart, she has been as ill as I ever saw her" (as Carlyle reported to his brother, Dr. Carlyle); and Mrs. Carlyle writes to Mrs. Russell at Thornhill that she had at last determined to get a doctor.

"So I sent for the nearest general practitioner (whom I knew to bow to, and had often been struck with the human practical look of); and he came and more than realised my most sanguine expectations, not only making the danger of my situation understood, so that I was delivered from petty worries and all that, but helping me up with strength, by medicines, and especially by giving me to understand that, if I did not make myself eat, I would certainly die. During the three weeks that I saw him every day, and was allowed to see no one else, I indeed took quite a serious attachment to him; and he finds me the very oddest patient he ever had. He now sits with me half an hour instead of the official three minutes." Carlyle, in a subsequent letter, speaks of the Doctor as "a rather sensible kind of man, who comes daily and gives little or no medicine, but prescribes food (or attempts at food) and, above all things, absolute silence and the steady endeavour to give a chance for rest."

Dr. Barnes had one daughter, whom Carlyle describes in a note, appended, after her death, to his wife's first letter to her, as "a very pretty,

amiable, modest, and clever young lady, and always a great favourite with my darling " ; and Mrs. Carlyle, who had doubtless heard of her during Dr. Barnes's daily visits through her illness in May, wrote inviting her to come to tea a month later, when she had in part regained her health. " All you know of me," she says in this letter, " as yet is that I seem to be in the very lowest state as to penmanship. But I assure you that I can write much more tidily than this, made with the back of the very worst pen in the created world ! And if you will bring with you to-morrow evening whatever stock you may have of ' faith, hope, and charity,' I have no doubt that we shall become good friends."

At the end of this June Carlyle went north to Humbie, in Fife, near Aberdour, where they had taken the upper floor of a farmhouse, by way of refuge from " Frederick " and the heat of London. Mrs. Carlyle followed her husband (who had gone by sea with his horse, and " clever little Charlotte," their maid) first to Haddington, then to Humbie, and thence on to Auchtertool House, her cousin's home, where she received a letter from Miss Barnes announcing her engagement to Mr. Simmonds, a barrister.

Mrs. Carlyle's reply (*Letters and Memorials*, Vol. III, page 1) was not exactly encouraging ; and, as she remarks in the concluding sentence, " perhaps the henbane I took in despair last night has something to do with my mood to-day."

And you (she wrote) are actually going to get married ! you ! already ! And you expect me to congratulate you ! or " perhaps not." I admire the judiciousness of that " perhaps not." Frankly, my dear, I wish you all happiness in the new life that is opening to you ; and you are marrying under good auspices, since your father approves of the marriage. But congratulation on such occasions seems to me a tempting of Providence. The triumphal-procession-air which in our manners and customs is given to marriage at the outset—that singing of *Te Deum* before the battle has begun—has ever since I could reflect struck me as somewhat senseless and somewhat impious. If ever one is to pray—if ever one is to feel grave and anxious—if ever one is to shrink from vain show and vain babble—surely it is just on the occasion of two human beings binding themselves to one another, for better and for worse, till death part them ; just on that occasion which it is customary to celebrate only with rejoicings and congratulations, and *trousseaux* and white ribbon ! Good God !

Will you think me mad if I tell you that when I read your words " I am going to be married " I all but screamed ? Positively it took away my breath, as if I saw you in the act of taking a flying leap into infinite space. You had looked to me such a happy, happy little girl ! Your father's only daughter ; and he so fond of you, as he evidently was. After you had walked out of our house together that night, and I had gone up to my own room, I sat down there in the dark and took " a good cry." You had reminded me so vividly of my own youth, when I, also an only daughter—an only child—had a father as fond of me, as proud of me. I wondered if you knew your own happiness. Well ! knowing it or not, it has not been enough for you, it would seem. Naturally, youth is so insatiable of happiness, and has such sublimely insane faith in its own power to make happy and be happy.

But of your father ? Who is to cheer his toilsome life, and make home bright for him ? His companion through half a lifetime gone ! his dear bit of rubbish gone too, though in a different sense. Oh, little girl ! little girl ! do you know the blank you will make, to him ?

This was a chilling douche for poor Miss Barnes ; but one may imagine that her father, who must already have acquired a very considerable insight into Mrs. Carlyle's temperament, and the idiosyncrasies of Cheyne Row, was by this time able to explain to his daughter much that would help her to discount the depression of " just such a letter as a raven might write if it had been taught."

The next extant letter is written from Cheyne Row, January 14th, 1860, accompanying a pheasant :

Which is a trophy as well as a dead bird ! For I brought it home with me last night from one of the most stupendous massacres of feathered innocents that ever took place " here down " (as Mazzini expresses himself)—from seven hundred to a thousand pheasants shot in one day ! The firing made me perfectly sick. Think of the bodily and mental state of the surviving birds when the day's sport was ended ! Decidedly men can be very great brutes when they like !

A few weeks later Mrs. Carlyle's greatly beloved little dog Nero, which had been run over by a butcher's cart in the previous October, but had partially recovered, grew worse and had finally to be put an end to, which was kindly done by Mr. Barnes, to whom Mrs. Carlyle wrote a touching letter of sorrowful gratitude on February 1st, ending with a pretty message to his " little jewel of a daughter."

Enclosing a cheque for his account at the beginning of this year, Carlyle himself writes to the Doctor :

I have very much pleasure in paying, with a great many thanks over and above. No man of the many who present themselves at this season has done us so essential a service during the past year ; and none of them all could do his poor " work " more like a workman than you did your high and important one ! We wish you many good years, useful to your fellow-creatures and yourself. I am, always,
Yours sincerely, T. CARLYLE.

Next comes a note, undated as usual, but evidently of January, 1860 :

5 Cheyne Row.

My dear Miss Barnes,

I haven't time to go in and see you, being on my way to Barnsbury Park, Islington, which lies, as I take it, somewhere other side the moon ! But I take the opportunity of having a " neat Fly " for the expedition, to hand you in a box of Portugal Plums—come to me *by electric Telegraph* (as a Manchester shopkeeper advertised certain goods " just received " by him from the place they were manufactured at !).

I suppose your Father has forgotten utterly that in Chelsea there is a street called Cheyne Row, and in Cheyne Row a House No. 5, and in No. 5 a remarkably intelligent woman, extremely well-disposed towards him : although he has decidedly no respect for Canine life !

Would you mildly remind him of the fact ?

Yours sincerely,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE

Next in the packet comes a note from Mrs. Carlyle, following a doubly-missed meeting :

5 Cheyne Row.

Friday [February 10th, 1860].

My dear "little Nun" (*minus* vocation) !

What bad luck to miss both your father and you in one day ! or rather what bad management ! (For I believe there is no difference between Luck and Management, but in the spelling !) Certainly I "as one solitary individual" (my Husband's favourite phrase) have been managing shockingly in the last ten days ! throwing over everything for *locomotion*, and locomotion towards no point or object, merely for the *distraction* of the thing !

But without Rule and Routine to keep me within bounds (like a moral strait waistcoat) I should soon be in Bedlam—*moi* ! So I seriously purpose, by strength of Heaven, to recommence living the regular-ticking existence of an eight-day clock, so soon as—as I *can* !

Meanwhile recollect you are to be ready to take a drive with me at 2 on Monday next. To-day I am in hope of realizing the photograph for you in the course of my circulation thro' space ! and if so shall leave it with this note in passing. If it still is not finished, we will go for it together on Monday next. My best love to your Father.

Affectionately yours,

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

The next letter of the series refers to the possible call on Miss Barnes of a discharged servant, whom Mrs. Carlyle "would rather *not* be responsible for placing in the bosom of any quiet family I am interested in, as outside of the broad moral line of the usual servant virtues, honesty, sobriety, and activity, there is much to be said which would not be to her advantage."

In July Carlyle, plagued by sleeplessness, and beginning to think that the interminable "Friedrich" would finish him, instead of his finishing it, went north for a visit to Sir George Sinclair at Thurso.

Mrs. Carlyle remained for a while at Cheyne Row, "more sleepless and agitated than himself."

I was on the verge of complete breakdown into serious illness (she writes to Mrs. Aitken at Dumfries) when Mr. C. left and my Doctor took me in hands. To judge from the amount of "composing draughts" given me (three in a day), I must have been very near boiling over and blowing my lid off ! He [Doctor Barnes] forbade my leaving home for the present ; and I shall await his permission before going anywhere. He is both a skilful and honest man ; and would *not* keep me here for the sake of running up a bill—but I do feel a great longing to be on the top of a hill somewhere, to breathe more freely.

The next letter, to the Doctor's daughter, expresses the same feeling :

5 Cheyne Row, Saturday.

[August 11th, 1860].

Little Girl ! I told you how it would be ! Once put off a solemn engagement, and no mortal can tell when it will come off, or whether "the pigs" won't "run thro' it" altogether !

The lady to whom, as I told you, I had promised a day next week, whichever day she liked, has of *course* selected just Tuesday—*Ergo* !

For Heaven's sake, when you fix the day for your marriage, *keep to it*, through thick and thin, or "the pigs" may do something *there* too, which will surprise you.

On Wednesday evening I have an immensely strong-minded and strong-bodied woman coming, whom I think you would hardly like to meet. To myself she is killing! But being one of that privileged class who have "seen better days," I am bound to let myself be killed by her now and then; with inward protest.

Thursday is so far off, I can't say anything about *it*. I may be gone—into infinite space!

I feel choking here. In spite of your father's composing mixture, I want to be away on the top of a hill! any hill except Primrose Hill! Do come one morning, as early as ever you like. And tell me if you will dare the strong woman, or wait till Thursday? Friday? Saturday? on the chance of my being off on the search for a hill I can breathe on.

Yours affectionately,

JANE BAILLIE WELSH CARLYLE.

The intense heat of this August was followed by an extremely cold winter, during which Mrs. Carlyle, at her husband's instigation, had embarked on a second servant, and was not altogether enjoying "the *twoness*" of it; whilst Carlyle rarely left his garret study, and the struggle with Frederick, except for his daily ride. The death of Arthur Hugh Clough was a loss which was perhaps more than offset, for him, by a renewed friendship with Ruskin, whose *Letters on Political Economy* were just then appearing in the *Cornhill*.

The next letter has a special interest for me, as it chronicles, in Mrs. Carlyle's most characteristic manner what was, I think, the first combined visit of my father and mother to No. 5. My father had been appointed by Lord Cadogan as Rector of Chelsea in 1860, and they had come into residence at the Rectory (whose garden gate opened into the top of Cheyne Row) in the previous August.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

Wednesday [April 3rd, 1861].

You remarkably *clever* little Girl! I admire this stroke of diplomacy amazingly! My general amiability was not to be relied on, you thought—and I can't say but you thought right, so far as that goes. My special promise about writing "within a fortnight" might or might not form a part of that general amiability which is not to be relied on, and so, being a sort of little Girl who *will* have her humour out, whatever that be, you just fling a silken *laszo* of politeness round my neck and twitch me up to the point! You *had* the little photograph before you left—you meant to give it me (your father told me so, when he had taken *his* out of his pocket-book as tenderly as if it were *the Holy Sacraments*, to show me, and been assailed by a storm of abuse of you on my part for not having given me one "all to myself"). But, if you sent it in a letter, I must of necessity acknowledge *that* letter, as a "woman of England," whatever she does or omits to do, must never neglect "the forms of Society"—never be impolite! Oh, you sharp little Girl! You knew *that*, calculated upon it, and acted upon it! And so here I am writing to you, whether I like it or not! Anyhow, I like the photograph. To such an extent, that my long, wavering intention of investing in a photograph book took settled practical shape in the same hour *it* (the tiny Miss Barnes) came to hand; and being so rapid as yourself (!) when I have once decided on a thing, I went forthwith to Regent Street in the rain, and bought a sensible modest-looking volume, with no botheration of embossing and gilt clasps, but *real* morocco and good paper. When I came

in I was, if not wetted, thoroughly damped and had to change my dress, and it being within a couple of hours of the time when I was engaged to dine at Mr. Forster's, with Dickens and Wilkie Collins, I thought I had best make one dressing do for all ; and thus it happened that as early as half after four, I was sitting on my sofa in the black velvet gown your Father found so "stunning"—with pearl necklace and bracelets (!) and the smallest of make-believe (lace) caps—when, without my having heard any rap, the drawing room door was flung open and Charlotte announced "Mr. and Mrs. Blunt!" Mercy of Heaven! Is that man always to find me in some false position? To your Father I could say, I am going out to dinner and am so ashamed to be caught with a bare head.

But I couldn't enter into such explanation with these strangers, and had to stand Mrs. Blunt's survey of me, in a broad glare of sunlight, with *inward* protest against appearances, and "appeal to posterity." As for Mr. Blunt, God bless him, I don't imagine he could have told, when he left, whether I had on a velvet dress or a strait waistcoat, whether my necklace was of pearls or buttercups! He looked so straight at my face all the time, with such a look of unworldly profoundly *human* trust and friendship, that it was all I could do to keep from flinging myself at his feet or into his arms ; and saying, "Oh, yes! I will visit your poor women if you wish it, will even come and hear you preach *if you wish it!*" I restrained myself, however, and for the present went no further than inviting him and his wife to tea!

I didn't go to hear Spurgeon. It rained slightly, and my head ached slightly, and Lady Airlie had told me the day before: "Oh don't, *please* don't go to Spurgeon, it is so—*nasty!*"

Now, little woman, mind that you don't stay away above twice as much longer as the time you fixed!

I like to know you here even when I am not seeing you. I *like* you, my nice little diplomatist, which is more a compliment to your merits than you perhaps think! For between ourselves there is nothing I so much dislike in a general way as a young Miss (Jeune Mees) except indeed a young Master.

Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

The next two letters to Miss Barnes have been printed in the *Letters and Memorials*. The first, dated September 22nd, 1861, and beginning, "Carina! Oh, *Carina!* Did you EVER? No, you never——!" came from Harewood Lodge, Berks, a lodge in Windsor Forest to which old Lady Sandwich (Lady Ashburton's mother) had invited the Carlyles. The letter is chiefly a caustic disquisition on lumbago—Carlyle's lumbago, got by spreading "his pocket handkerchief on the grass just after a heavy shower, and sitting down on it for an hour and more, in spite of all my remonstrances."

The letter ends thus:

Where are you, then? If you are returned to the paternal roof, no need almost of this letter. But I daresay you are gadding about on the face of the earth, "too happy in not knowing your happiness" of having a Paternal roof to stay under! If your father would take *me* home for his daughter; and pet me, as he does you; would *I* go dancing off to all points of the compass, as you do? No, indeed! God bless you anyhow. If you are returned, this letter will still be worth while as enabling me to look you in the face, more or less!

The second letter dates from Cheyne Row, January 24th, and pinned to it is a tiny scrap of paper on which Carlyle has noted "1862? [ask

Mrs. Simmonds the date of her *wedding*, of her *first* child, &c.!"], evidently an annotation made when he was arranging his wife's letters after her death. The letter was Mrs. Carlyle's reply to Miss Barnes's petition that she would come to her approaching wedding :

Oh you agonising little girl ! How *could* you ? come down upon me in that slap-dash way, demand of poor weak shivering me a positive "yes" or "no," as if with a loaded pistol at my head !! How *can* I tell what I shall be up to on the 18th ? After such a three months of illnesses and relapses, how can I even guess ? If I am alive and able to stand on my hind legs and to look like a joyful occasion, I shall be only too happy to attend that solemnity.

The letter goes on to beg her not to ask Mr. Carlyle to the wedding, as he had said "it would be a real vexation to me to refuse that bonnie wee lassie what she asked, and to her marriage I *could not go*. It would be the ruin of me for three weeks."

"And that," adds his wife, "is no exaggeration, I *can* say, who knows his ways better than anyone else."

The next letter was written only a few days before the wedding day :

5 Cheyne Row, Thursday.

[February 13th, 1862].

Dear Little Girl ! that is going to be spirited away from me, into "the house of bondage" (*vide* Captain Cuttle, "and when found make a mark of it !") arn't you coming to see me first ? I have been expecting you to-day every minute ; and expected you all yesterday. Maria said you promised to come yesterday morning, having just asked at what hour I went out, and she having answered that I "generally went out at one o'clock." "One o'clock ?" "Generally ?" "What *did* you mean by saying that ? Don't I generally not go out at all ? Haven't I been out just once in the last fortnight ?" "Yes !" "And didn't I go out then at half after two ?" "Yes !" "Then what *did* you mean by saying I generally went out at one ?" "Well I meant—I don't know !" My dear prospective young housewife ! beware of servants who write poetry, they haven't common sense ever ! But are you coming to-morrow morning ? or when ? I must see you again before——

Unless the weather mends materially, it would be madness for me to go to the Church in my wedding garments, not having the excitement of going to be married myself to nerve me against catching cold.

Whether even *that* will save yourself from the natural consequences of a low dress and bare head in winter remains to be seen ! Mrs. Blunt asked me to go with *them*, and I should like that, and should like to see you made away with ! If only it come warm enough to be out so long in fine clothes ! but at all rates I hope to live to present myself at the house at one o'clock. I wish you would come and see my *new bonnet* for the occasion—it will be lost on you when the occasion is there. It is lovely.

Your ever affectionate,

J W. C.

The wedding took place on Tuesday, February 18th, and my father, who was to marry the young couple, and who knew how keenly the pretty little bride hoped for Mrs. Carlyle's presence, was determined to get her to the church if it could safely be accomplished. Mrs. Carlyle herself tells the story in a letter to her dear friend, Mrs. Russell, of Thornhill, dated February 23rd, which may be quoted here :

The wedding was an immense affair ! It was my doctor's little daughter who was being married, after a three years' engagement, and as soon as she was engaged she had made me promise to attend her wedding. I had rather wished to see a marriage performed in a church with all the forms, the eight bridesmaids, etc., etc., but I had renounced all idea of going to the church, for fear of being laid up with a fresh cold ; and meant to attend only the breakfast party after, in which I took less interest. But imagine how good the people here are to me. Our Rector, in whose church (St. Luke's) the marriage was to take place, being told by his wife I wished to go but durstn't, for fear of the coldness of the church, ordered the fires to be kept up from Sunday over into Tuesday morning ! besides a roaring fire in the vestry, where I sat at my ease till the moment the ceremony began ! I was much pressed afterwards to acknowledge how superior the English way of marrying was to the Scotch, and asked how I had like it. I said my feelings were very mixed. "Mixed ?" the Rector asked, "mixed of what ?" "Well," I said, "it looked to me something betwixt a religious ceremony and a—pantomime !" So it is. There were forty-four people at the breakfast !"

Mrs. Carlyle did not catch cold at the wedding ; for I see by my mother's diary that she and my father were at tea at the Carlyles on the Friday after and met Ruskin there.

The next letter is addressed to Mrs. Simmonds, 82 Oakley Street, where, presumably, the newly-married couple had found quarters after the honeymoon :

5 Cheyne Row,
Friday, May, 1862.

"My darlingest Pet"

(As the Marchioness of Westmeath writes to the "Co-respondent")—come as you are to-night. I don't mean come in a state of nature, but in your wearing gown, for nobody will be here except possibly Mr. Woolner, the sculptor. The other new married lady I spoke of cannot come, because—I have not asked her ! I set out one day to make the due *call* preparatory to asking her, and was overtaken by the rain in Pimlico, and having no umbrella, and a velvet coat, and seeing no cab or other refuge, I plunged madly into an omnibus that was standing at "The Three Compasses," and was trundled away, I knew not whither, but *eventually* (as the horrid penny-a-liners say) I found myself at the Blackwall Railway station in Fenchurch Street ! Then, the rain continuing, I had just to sit still and come back again, and get myself into a cab at Hyde Park, and come home, damped and wretched. I have never been able to get up the steam to go at that *call* since, and to ask her without calling would, I am sure, have been an offence to the new married female Inverness mind. The more's the pity for her.

Affectionately yours,

J. W. C.

After this letter there is a gap in the series of nearly eighteen months ; a gap, as we know, rather tragically eventful in the story of the Cheyne Row household, including, as it did, the completion of the third volume of *Friedrich*, the severe illness of Lord Ashburton in Paris, the fall and loss of Carlyle's good horse Fritz, and Mrs. Carlyle's bad accident whilst trying to reach an omnibus in St. Martin's Lane. This last smash occurred at the beginning of October, 1863, and Mrs. Carlyle was carried by Larkin to her bed, in terrible pain, the sinews of her thigh torn and lacerated. There she lay for nearly a month, slowly recovering ; and the

next little note of our series is written in pencil, addressed to "— Simmonds, Esq.," and sent by hand. He had evidently written early word of an important family event for himself and her "Carina."

5 Cheyne Row,

1st November.

Many thanks, dear Mr. Simmonds, for sending me the good news so quickly. Having lots of time at present for making myself miserable, and a born genius for that sort of thing, and considering what happened before, I had been more anxious how your dear little wife should get thro' this business than *she* had the smallest idea! But she has got thro' it well, thank God, as she gets thro' most things.

I am only sorry that I shan't be up to going to see her and *It* for some time. Give her my love and compliments on her cleverness—and *It* a kiss for me and congratulations on having got duly born!

I suppose it is very *red*?

Yours sincerely,

JANE CARLYLE.

The two next letters in this batch have been included (Nos. 277 and 278) in the *Letters and Memorials*. The first of these is dated November 3rd, 1863:

I am so thankful that you are all right. And to think of your writing, on the third day after your confinement, the most legible—indeed the only legible note I ever had from you in my life!

Now about this compliment offered me, which you are pleased to call a favour (to you), I don't know what to say. I wish I could go and talk it over; but even if I could go in a cab, one of these next dry days, I couldn't drive up your stairs in a cab! I should be greatly pleased that your baby bore a name of mine. But the Godmotherhood? There seems to me one objection to that which is a fatal one—I don't belong to the English Church; and the Scotch Church, which I do belong to, recognises no Godfathers and Godmothers. The father takes all the obligations on himself (serves him right!). I was present at a Church of England christening for the first time when the Blunts took me to see their baby christened, and it looked to me a very solemn piece of work; and that Mr. Maurice and Julia Blunt (the Godfather and Godmother) had to take upon themselves before God and man very solemn engagements, which it was to be hoped they meant to fulfil! . . . Now, my darling, how could I dream of binding myself to look after the spiritual welfare of any earthly baby? I, who have no confidence in my own spiritual welfare! . . . How could I, in cold blood, go through with a ceremony in a church to which neither the others nor myself attach a grain of veracity? If you can say anything to the purpose I am very willing to be proved mistaken, and in that case very willing to stand Godmother to a baby that on the third day is not at all red!

[One imagines that the aspersion at the end of the previous letter had been indignantly repudiated by "It's" mother!]

The second of these letters enclosed a locket-brooch as a christening gift for the baby to wear, as soon as it was "sufficiently hardened from its present pulpy condition."

Next comes a note written towards the end of this same November, on the eve of the christening of "Jane":

5 Cheyne Row.

Carina, I am glad of the proposed addition to *It's* name, glad that the poor Dear will have a reasonable Christian name to fall back upon when she has grown to having a judgment of her own, and to recognising the fatuity of a meaningless lisping "Ethel" out of a Thackeray novel! I cannot *engage* to come to-morrow. I will try!—not to luncheon, however! that would complicate the nervousness of the thing for me. You have no idea how nervous I have been since my accident—sitting here in the same sofa corner always, in the same dressing gown, seeing the same two or three people.—To start out into a christening company before I can stand steadily on my two legs—after such a nine weeks of seclusion! Dear, have you thought what an effort that would take? I was very much the worse for my wild expedition that day to see my baby. I never closed my eyes all night after! I felt so fatigued and *excited* by it! and felt to have caught cold all over. The fatigue would be lessened by going in a cab, but on the other hand the excitement would be aggravated by the presence of company. You would be very sorry if I were laid up for two or three days in consequence. But if it is a fine day to-morrow and I feel particularly *brave*, I will try to come for a few minutes.

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

The baby was duly christened "Ethel Jane Carlyle Simmonds." Mrs. Carlyle did not actually and finally stand as her godmother, but she came to the house after the christening; and the silver mug she gave her small namesake is still in Mrs. Chambers's possession.

Again there is a gap of over a year-and-a-half between this letter and the next—and final—one; and we know with what a tormented record of illness and suffering that critical period was filled, for Mrs. Carlyle. The pain, in part resulting from her accident and partly from acute neuritis in her arm, grew worse again during the winter of 1863-4; in March she made the desperate experiment of a visit to St. Leonards and the Blakistons, where she remained in great misery, sleeplessness, and utter depression till the end of June, when she fled, distracted and unnerved, to Scotland. There she stayed, chiefly at Holm Hill, till the end of September, when she returned to Chelsea, having outworn the longest and worst phase of her "horrible ailment"; but with her health and strength irretrievably shattered.

Carlyle's gift of a carriage to her this autumn was an immense boon in her disablement, besides being tangible evidence of an affection and solicitude which, except in moments of the madness caused by nervous breakdown, protracted insomnia and physical torture from her accidents, Mrs. Carlyle never in her heart either doubted or disbelieved.

In January, 1865, Carlyle took the last sheets of *Friedrich* to the post-office; and in March they went for a month to the Ashburtons' cottage near Seaton. The change did Mrs. Carlyle good; but in May the neuritis, which had for two years more or less crippled her left arm, passed to the right, thus incapacitating her from writing till she could learn to scribble with her left hand. In June she went North once more, and this last letter to Mrs. Simmonds is written in ink with her left hand from Mrs. Russell's ever-welcoming house:

Holmhill, Thornhill.

10th July, 1865.

Oh, my poor little Darling !

I am dreadfully sorry for you ! Your little child that was such a Pet ! Nothing worse could have befallen you under Heaven, except the Death of your Husband. Be thankful, poor sorrowing young Mother, that you are spared that ! Oh try to bear up for your husband's sake, and for the sake of the Baby unborn who is soon to come and comfort you for the little sister taken away. I wish I were at home to go and see you very often ! I cannot even write as I should wish. My right arm and hand continue to be a perpetual torment to me, and utterly useless ! I have had to learn to write and to do the things I can do at all with my left hand. But I feel it so difficult !

I am coming home in about a fortnight.

Thank you, Darling, for writing to me.

I have not improved in " the country." The pain is constant, and takes away my sleep and appetite.

Your loving friend,

JANE CARLYLE.

Mrs. Carlyle returned to Cheyne Row towards the end of July, and except for a brief visit to Miss Bromley at Folkestone, in August, this was her last journey.

The autumn and winter were comparatively uneventful, save for alterations of bookcases, trials of the " hereditary housemaid," an invasion of cocks and hens next door, triumphantly subdued by Mrs. Carlyle's brilliant diplomacy, and the pleasurable preparation for Carlyle's Edinburgh Lord Rectorship. Her neuralgia was much better, and, though extremely frail in body, her indomitable spirit seemed now to have reached a haven of comparative serenity and calm.

They were often at the Rectory during this last year of Mrs. Carlyle's life. My father gave stable accommodation to Carlyle's horse, " Noggs," of which he had wished to make him a present, and which he occasionally rode. Noggs, however, was not a very satisfactory steed ; " he had," as I have elsewhere recorded, " too long been accustomed to the ways of a preoccupied rider, who had ambled with him absent-mindedly about 30,000 miles—the majority of it as he was thrashing out *Frederick the Great*. People had often seen Noggs grazing quietly along the roadside of Clapham Common, the reins loose on his neck, whilst history was being evolved on his back ; and Noggs, having too long had his own way, resented a rider who had ideas of his own as to whither and at what pace they should go ; and in May, when Carlyle went to Annandale, he took his horse with him for the summer."

In October Herbert Barnes, Mrs. Simmonds' brother, with whom Mrs. Carlyle had grown " so satisfied, when I had conquered my prejudice against having a Dr. under thirty who wore a glass in his eye," died suddenly ; and it was my mother who had to go and break the news to Mrs. Carlyle. Our Rectory cow supplied her with new milk every morning, milked straight into the tumbler and drunk warm within five minutes, " a daily recurring miracle," as Carlyle described it.

Though I was only a boy of eight, I can well remember the Mrs. Carlyle of those last months, white and frail, almost as a wraith, but very kind and gentle, as other children than I had found her. Particularly I recollect the evenings when Carlyle came to the Rectory, and the arrival of the box of long, delicate "churchwardens" from Edinburgh, with green waxed ends, always provided for his smoke; and the great marmalade-making in February, 1866, which Mrs. Carlyle herself came over to superintend, in our big stone-flagged kitchen, according to her own delicious but very elaborate recipe.

Carlyle went North in March for the Edinburgh Rectorship and Address, which was accomplished on April 2nd "in a tempest of enthusiasm," the exhausted Rector thereupon escaping to Scotsbrig to recover himself. To him from Cheyne Row went almost daily some of the most cheery, playful, and proudly affectionate letters ever sent him by his wife, the last of them dated April 21st, and expecting his return to her "the day after to-morrow." And within a few hours of its completion, "Dearest—Yours ever, J. W. C.," the true troubled heart from which those words had come had, in her carriage in Hyde Park, ceased suddenly and finally to beat.

To these letters, in justice to the memory of Carlyle, one other must be added, which completes the little package, and refers to its contents, which had been sent him.

It will be remembered that when Carlyle, after his wife's death, collected and annotated her letters and memorials, he expressed, repeatedly and emphatically, his strong feeling that if they were ever to be given to the world it should not be for a long period after his death, when those to whom allusion in them was made had passed from the scene. As to the precise time that should elapse, if it should finally be judged well to publish them, his feelings varied. At first he had named twenty years; ultimately he thought that a shorter period might perhaps suffice, but seven years was the lowest limit he ever named, though finally the decision was left to Froude.

Froude's decision, in face of Carlyle's repeated expression of his own view, was remarkable. He published the *Reminiscences* within a few months of Carlyle's death, and included in them, against Carlyle's express injunction, the paper on Jane Welsh Carlyle.

This injunction being made known by Carlyle's niece, Froude offered, in the *Times*, to restore at once to her the remaining papers. The offer, which was public and unconditional, was at once accepted, and the papers were sent for in accordance with its terms. They were declined. A day had elapsed, and Froude had changed his mind. He gave reasons for doing so to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle's solicitor, which can hardly be accepted as sufficient, in view of the undertakings she offered and her relinquishment of her right to the profits of the *Reminiscences*. But Froude was obdurate. The first two volumes of the *Life of Thomas Carlyle* were published in 1882, and the *Letters and Memorials* of his wife followed in 1883, within less than two-and-a-half years of Carlyle's death. Of their sins of omission and

commission and of the fundamentally false view of those two lives which was thus given to the world there is no need to speak here. But this letter of Carlyle's, coming now after half-a-century out of his little precious packet of his wife's "notekins," reveals once again and unmistakably his own feeling and desire about their publication, written at the very time when he was just completing their collection and arrangement; "those dear letters are *saved*, thank God! lying legible to good eyes, with all the needful commentaries":

Addiscombe Farm,
Croydon, 4 Sept., 1869.

Dear Mrs. Simmonds,

Those precious letters are all lying punctually locked up in Chelsea awaiting your return. I am greatly obliged by your loan of them; and beg (and believe) that you will not deny me a sight of any others you may still have or be able to discover.

Niece Mary has taken copies of those you sent, as was my object in asking for them; but you may trust me there is no wish or intention to *print* anything; on the contrary, a strict *prohibition*—at least and lowest till all whom it could personally concern are out of the scene.

On your return I will ask you further to help Mary whatever you can towards accurately *dating* these letters. Out of very piety you cannot refuse!

With best regards to Mr. Simmonds and yourself,

Yours sincerely and much obliged,

T. CARLYLE.

NOS ET MUTAMUR

By G. S. STREET

I MAKE my apology to anyone who happens to read this article—if it is an article—and is offended by its lack of form and purpose. I am altogether on his side. I am all for definite intentions and clear divisions, for an artistic composing and balancing, for premises and conclusions and the logical conduct of an argument, and I attempt in my way to achieve such things when I write. But now it is no use even to try. I have in my mind an impression, an appreciation, a memory, and something of the interest there is in changing attitudes and points of view as the mind grows older, but I feel doubtful of making the exact meaning of it all clear in an article. I doubt very much if it will get itself printed. I am extremely depressed, and, further, the thought occurs to me that some young critic may up and tell me that the whole affair is merely an unpleasing mist arising from the ditch of my egoism or something like that, and perhaps he would be right. Yet I know I have something to say which is of wider significance than the personal accident, and if I can only begin . . .

Some time ago I read Miss Katherine Mansfield's *Bliss*. I was good enough critic to see that she was an artist, in absolute command of her means, making her effects surely and (for the reader's eye) with ease, using words rightly, composing beautifully. But I was dissatisfied and in a way irritated. Always I wanted more. Always I asked for a definite outcome, for something final. The first piece in the book was called *Prelude*, and as I finished it, admiring, I asked: Prelude to what? And almost everything was a prelude. What was the end of Mouse? Of the Little Governess? What did Bertha do or not do that night when she knew that Harry was faithless? Miss Mansfield, I thought, was not doing her share, was leaving altogether too much to me. (That subtle critic, the present reader, perceives that I was extremely stupid, but let him have patience.) Then, some time later, I read *The Daughters of the Late Colonel* in THE LONDON MERCURY. I finished it in open-mouthed admiration for the genius which had told me so much, and this time I had no wish for more. That was not because I was uninterested in those pitiful women so delicately yet so completely presented to me, but because the presentment *was* complete, the phase of life fully rendered, the atmosphere given once for all. It was a final achievement. Further speculation would be vulgar, stupid. Being quite clear about *The Daughters of the Late Colonel*, I had the sense to return to *Bliss*, recognising that the expression of a phase of life, the conveying of an atmosphere, was the final purpose of this writer. There was no intention of telling a story or of asking the reader to tell one to himself. I read *Bliss* again completely satisfied. The artistic intention was achieved in every instance; there was no room for anything more.

Now, I do not need to be told that I had been slow-witted and stupid. I recognised that at once, and the recognition was sad for one who had had in early life the conceit of some imaginative subtlety in criticism. Age or my workaday life had dulled my perceptions, though fortunately it had not quite abolished them. But a far more interesting proof of the change in me was at hand. As I read *Bliss* again another book of fiction came into my mind. I got it from the shelf and read, and as I read I smiled. " 'Tis that I may not weep." The book was *Episodes*, published twenty-six years ago and written by me in an attempt to do what Miss Mansfield so triumphantly has done. Perhaps I may say at this point that it will be hard on me if anyone adds conceit to egoism in the count against me. I am not fool enough to suggest any comparison in the merits of Miss Mansfield's work and mine. I think she has much more to say about life than ever I had and says it better. That moderate statement at least will be accepted as sincere, as a deeper exercise in humility might not be.

Quite a few years disgusted me with *Episodes*. I was in the twenties when I wrote it, and the cocksure omniscience about life common to that age is more than usually offensive in its pages. It had some eulogistic reviews. Nobody bought it. A few copies of one or two of my books were sold—unless the publisher deceived me out of benevolence; they are such dear people—but I think *Episodes* was not one of them. (I really am not trying to sell it now; it has been out of print for decades.) A writer of those days, however, who signed himself "The Philistine," thought it of sufficient importance to brand and flagellate and annihilate. He wrote a little book called *The New Fiction*, in which I for my part was denounced as "The defiant Man." Dear, dear! How immeasurably distant it all seems! His grievance against me was that I dealt with matters of sex which in those days you approached in fiction at your peril. It seems so strange; the book was such a mild affair. I wonder what has become of "The Philistine"? Does he lecture non-Victorian writers in the Shades? If he lives I hope he flourishes; he gave me a good, if a vain, advertisement. But I digress. The point about *Episodes* is that, though it contained, inartistically, some entire little boiled-down stories, other pieces in it did attempt to render a character, a conjunction of character and circumstances, a phase of life, an atmosphere, without any story or conclusion. They too were "preludes," such as they were.

And here was I, a quarter of a century later when I read *Bliss* for the first time, finding fault with it for doing, very much better, what I myself had tried to do. I in my turn had become a Philistine. Not, of course, that I made the same sort of objection to Miss Mansfield that was made to me. But I had objected to something in her book which I myself had tried to effect, without memory that I had tried and without recognition that she had succeeded. It was galling, for if one loses in passion and ambition as one grows old there should be a gain in judgment, as Byron claimed, and it was precisely in judgment that I had failed. Giving up what has normally to be given up with age is a source of grievance only to the

weakling. You find at fifty odd that imagination, fancy, even invention, fail you, just as you find you can't walk so fast or so far as you walked at thirty; to complain of this common lot is contemptible. But loss of perception and judgment in matters of art is not the common lot. Or is it? Older critics do pretty often depreciate unduly the work of the young, and one would not always like to impute the meanness of jealousy. Hardness, imperviousness to new ideas and new modes of expression may be looked for, though it is to be fought early and late, for freshness in this regard is the difference between mental life and death. I will not admit this imperviousness in myself, and anyhow, confound it, here was nothing new in kind so far as I was concerned; it was to me, intimately—however much developed—twenty-six years old. Well, my judgment was at fault for a time, and I find an explanation, and offer it to contemporaries in like case, in the times in which unhappily we live. The pressure of public peril on understanding minds is very great. Industrial civilisation may be the worst mistake of mankind and its ruin may be a blessing to humanity, if humanity survives. But the process of that ruin, the menace of which grows nearer and nearer, will be dreadful. It must mean misery for all of us, for ourselves and for those who are dear to us. Not this generation nor the next would see the recovery. The ruin may not come, but the danger is great, and so for those who envisage it and turn for relief to such a thing as a book of fiction some coarser spur than the artistic rendering of an atmosphere may be necessary for the relief they seek—a coarser spur than they needed in a better world. Art may be hard put to it to be a cure for life. Or must I admit that in a quarter of a century the coarser appeal—of a definite issue, a wound-up story—has become, anyhow, easier to my hardening perceptions? I hope not.

The reader does not care. But I think this fragment of material for psychology, especially in the forgetfulness of my own endeavour, has an interest beyond my own ego. In any case it has enabled me to pay a tribute to a fine artist. I mean Miss Mansfield, not myself.

THE POETRY OF CHARLES COTTON

(1630-1687)

By JOHN BERESFORD

IN one of the chapters on Wordsworth's Theory of Poetry in the *Biographia Literaria** Coleridge says: "If I had happened to have had by me the *Poems of Cotton*, more but far less deservedly celebrated as the author of the *Virgil Travestie*, I should have indulged myself, and I think have gratified many who are not acquainted with his serious works, by selecting some admirable specimens of this style (the natural style). There are not a few poems in this volume replete with every excellence of thought, image, and passion which we expect or desire in the poetry of the milder muse; and yet so worded that the reader sees no reason, either in the selection or the order of the words, why he might not have said the very same in an appropriate conversation, and cannot conceive how indeed he could have expressed such thoughts otherwise without loss or injury to his meaning."

As a poet Charles Cotton is to-day hardly known. In prose his name is familiar as the author of Part II of *The Compleat Angler*, a work which has gone through more editions than perhaps any other book in the English language, apart from Shakespeare's Plays or *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The catalogue in the British Museum is in itself an almost tedious testimony to its popularity. But Part II of *The Compleat Angler*, "being directions how to angle for a trout or grayling in a clear stream," beautiful prose though it is, is but an imitation of Walton's famous first and main part; and Cotton's poems, were they better known, would certainly be recognised as his real contribution to English literature.

The truth is that if Cotton has benefited from his association with Walton he has also suffered. The lustre of Izaak Walton's name has cast a faint reflected glow upon that of Charles Cotton, but it has also tended to obscure the true genius of Cotton, which lay in his poetry.

It is indeed curious that Cotton's poetical work should to-day be so little known, for just over a century ago not only Coleridge but Wordsworth and Charles Lamb were enthusiastic in their admiration of his *Poems on Several Occasions*, published two years after his death, in 1689. But despite the good opinion of the most eminent literary authorities no one has set to work to republish the rare edition of 1689, so that students of poetry and a wider public might have an opportunity of judging Cotton's merit as a poet for themselves. It is true that Chalmers in his monumental edition of the *Works of the English Poets*, published in 1810, has included the greater number of Cotton's poems in his sixth volume, but it is an

* *Biographia Literaria*. Vol. II, p. 71. Edited by J. Shawcross, Clarendon Press. 1907.

expensive business to purchase twenty volumes in order to read one poet, and to-day, of course, Chalmers' work is almost unprocurable except at a prohibitive price. Sanford's production, *The Works of the British Poets*, 1819, can be disregarded for our purpose, as it only contains two of Cotton's longer poems. To come to more modern days, a very good small selection was published in 1903 by Mr. J. R. Tutin, of Cottingham, Hull, but this edition contains only forty-two out of some one hundred and seventy of Cotton's poems. It is noteworthy that *The Oxford Book of English Verse* contains only one small lyric by Cotton, and that by no means one of his best. Professor Saintsbury inserts four of the love lyrics in his anthology of *Seventeenth-Century Lyrics*.

Sir Harris Nicholas, in his magnificent 1836 edition—illustrated by Stothard—of *The Compleat Angler* (including a most scholarly, indeed the authoritative memoir of Cotton's life), has reproduced several of the poems. "But it must first," he says, "be observed that justice to his fame as a poet, as well as his personal character, renders it very desirable that the more valuable of his productions should be reprinted. That the public would appreciate the collection is almost certain. . . ." Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, in his edition of *The Compleat Angler*, illustrated by Mr. E. H. New, published in 1897, has expressed much the same view.

That the *Poems on Several Occasions* should have been neglected so long, or, at least, known only to very few, is the more remarkable because certain other works in verse by Cotton had an immense popularity in his own day and throughout the eighteenth century. The *Virgil Travestie* went through edition after edition. It is a sort of burlesque of the *Æneid*, in which Æneas, Dido, and the lesser human lights, together with the Gods, are represented as the coarsest and commonest of beings. It is not merely obscene, it is exceedingly witty, but it is not poetry; it is a burlesque in verse intended to raise a laugh at the expense of Gods and men. At the foot of each page the original lines of Virgil are given. This is an excellent device and adds greatly to the point of the seventeenth-century satire. As far as I can gather from the British Museum catalogue, the last edition of this work was published in 1807.

The real poetry, the *Poems on Several Occasions*, are many of them so personal that an appreciation of them is rendered much easier by bearing in mind the outline of the poet's life, the poetry and the life thus illustrating one another.

Charles Cotton was born in 1630 at Beresford Hall, on the borders of Staffordshire and Derbyshire. His father, also Charles Cotton, was a "fine gentleman" of the day in the best sense of the term. His mother was the daughter of Sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston, by his first wife, Olivia Beresford, and it was through the latter that wide estates in Staffordshire and Derbyshire passed eventually to her grandson, the poet.

Charles Cotton, the father, was a distinguished figure in his day, and knew most of the people worth knowing—Ben Jonson, Sir Henry Wotton, Izaak Walton, Dr. Donne, Herrick, Lovelace, Davenant, and Lord

Clarendon. It is of him, whom he numbered among his "chief Acquaintance," that Lord Clarendon, in his autobiography, has left an imperishable portrait :

Charles Cotton was a gentleman born to a competent fortune, and so qualified in his person and education, that for many years he continued the greatest ornament of the town, in the esteem of those who had been best bred. His natural parts were very great, his wit flowing in all the parts of conversation ; the superstructure of learning not raised to a considerable height, but having passed some years in Cambridge, and then in France, and conversing always with learned men, his expressions were ever proper and significant, and gave great lustre to his discourse upon any argument ; so that he was thought by those who were not intimate with him to have been much better acquainted with books than he was. He had all those qualities which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen ; such a pleasantness and gaiety of humour, such a sweetness and gentleness of nature, and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that no man, in the court or out of it, appeared a more accomplished person ; all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits in law, and waste of his fortune in those suits, made some impression on his mind ; which, being improved by domestic afflictions, and those indulgences to himself which naturally attend those afflictions, rendered his age less revered than his youth had been, and gave his best friends cause to have wished that he had not lived so long.

Herrick, Lovelace, and Sir William Davenant all dedicated poems to the elder Cotton. Davenant's poem, written in 1652 from the Tower, where he was then imprisoned, contains these two charming verses :

And *Charles*, in that more civil century,
When this shall wholly fill the voice of fame,
The busy antiquaries then will try
To find among their Monarch's coin, thy name.

Much they will bless thy virtue, by whose fire
I'll keep my laurel warm, which else would fade,
And, thus inclos'd, think me of nature's quire,
Which still sings sweetest in the shade.

Charles Cotton, the younger, replied to Sir William Davenant, on his father's behalf, in a poem, even more charming, from which the three following stanzas are chosen :

Oh, happy Fire, whose heat can thus control
The rust of age, and thaw the frost of death,
That renders man immortal, as his soul,
And swells his fame with everlasting breath.

Happy's that hand, that unto honour's clime
Can lift the subject of his living praise,
That rescues frailty from the scythe of time,
And equals glory to the length of days.

Blest is my Father, that has found his name
 Among the heroes, by your pen revived,
 By running in Time's wheel his thriving fame,
 Shall still more youthful grow and longer liv'd.

Charles Cotton further mentions his father and his circle of friends in a poem addressed "to my old and most worthy friend Mr. Izaak Walton on his *Life of Dr. Donne*, etc.," a poem frequently found in editions of *The Compleat Angler*, on account of its historical interest in connection with the life of Walton, and also on account of its intrinsic beauty. Here are three stanzas out of forty-two, all equally good :

How happy was my father, then, to see
 Those men he lov'd, by him he lov'd, to be
 Rescued from frailties and mortality.

Wotton and Donne, to whom his soul was knit ;
 Those twins of virtue, eloquence and wit,
 He saw in fame's eternal annals writ.

And even in their flowery characters,
 My father's grave part of your friendship shares ;
 For you have honoured his in strewing theirs.

Whether Cotton was educated at Oxford or Cambridge is not definitely known. It is certain that his tutor was Ralph Rawson, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, because Cotton dedicated "An Ode of Johannes Secundus translated, to my dear tutor Mr. Ralph Rawson." Tradition, however, seems to favour Cambridge, perhaps because his father was there. Rawson was apparently ejected from his fellowship in 1648 by the Parliamentary visitors and the eighteenth-century scholar and antiquary, William Oldys, suggests that Rawson may have removed to Cambridge after his ejection from Oxford. It is, of course, possible that Cotton may have been at Cambridge and afterwards continued his studies under Rawson. He does not appear to have taken a degree. In any case he had the most excellent education, which gave him a thorough knowledge of Greek, Latin, French, and Italian. His translations in prose and verse from these languages are very good. His translation of Montaigne's essays in particular is held to be a masterpiece, and has been through a large number of editions from his own time to the present. Sir Aston Cokayne, a cousin of Cotton's, and himself a poet who wrote the most admirable epitaphs, celebrates Cotton's library in one of his verses :

D'Avila, Bentivoglio, Guicciardine,
 And Machiavel, the subtle Florentine,
 In their originals, I have read through,
 Thanks to your library, and unto you.

Sir Aston Cokayne had an unbounded admiration for his cousin's works, and eulogised him with quite an embarrassing extravagance :

The world will find your lines are great and strong,
 The *nihil ultra* of the English tongue,

he says in one of his poems. Gerard Langbaine (1656-1692), in his memoir of Cotton in *An Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, says that he was an "excellent Lyric Poet."

But Sir Aston Cokayne was not by any means alone among Cotton's contemporaries in admiring him. Another poet with a more illustrious name, Colonel Richard Lovelace, dedicated "The triumphs of Philamore and Amoret, to the noblest of our youth and best of friends, Charles Cotton, Esquire, being at Beresford, at his house in Staffordshire, from London." This was some time between 1649 and 1658. Later, when Lovelace died in a garret in London, Cotton wrote a poem to his memory :

To pay my love to thee, and pay it so,
As honest men should what they justly owe,
Were to write better of thy life than can
Th' assured'st pen of the most worthy man :
Such was thy composition, such thy mind
Improv'd to virtue, and from vice refined.
Thy youth, an abstract of the world's best parts,
Enur'd to arms, and exercised in arts ;
Which with the vigour of a man became
Thine, and thy country's pyramids of flame ;
Two glorious lights to guide our hopeful youth
Into the paths of honour, and of truth.

It appears from a statement of Aubrey's in his *Lives of Eminent Men* that Cotton had helped Lovelace in his poverty. Aubrey says : " George Petty, haberdasher in Fleet Street, carried twenty shillings to him every Monday morning from Sir — Many, and Charles Cotton, Esq., for months but was never repaid." Aubrey's statement is corroborated by some lines in Lovelace's *Philamore and Amoret* poem. This testimony is interesting because Cotton has been censured for reckless extravagance. Certainly he dissipated his entire patrimony before his death, but extravagance which also extends itself in charity becomes a virtue as compared with purely personal extravagance on the one hand, or the selfish accumulation of riches on the other. Nevertheless, the effect of Cotton's extravagance, whatever may have been its cause, was the one thorn in the flesh which disturbed what appears otherwise to have been a very happy life. The process of alienating the ancestral estates seems to have been begun by the elder Cotton. It was carried a stage further in 1656 when the younger Cotton married his cousin Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owthorpe, in Nottinghamshire, and sister of the celebrated Colonel Hutchinson. The estates, including the manors of Beresford, Bentley, and Borrowash, were then vested in trustees, who were to sell such as would pay off a considerable mortgage, and hold the rest in trust for the poet and his heirs. Some ten years later, and again in 1675, in order to meet liabilities amounting to about eight thousand pounds, a Private Act of Parliament enabled more lands to be sold by the trustees. Just before 1675 Cotton, who had had nine children by his first wife, married a second time, a

widow, the Right Honourable Dame Mary, Countess Dowager of Ardglass, who had considerable means of her own. But, as Sir Harris Nicholas observes, "this increase in his income did not prevent the necessity of his again applying to Parliament," *i.e.*, in 1675, as above recited. The consequence of his financial carelessness was that he was every now and again reduced to a state of gentlemanly poverty, of all forms of poverty the most distressing. This greatly weighed on his mind, and is a constant theme of regret and melancholy in the poems. In his *Ode to Poverty*, after describing how he is pursued and badgered by "obstreperous creditors," he exclaims :

Thou worst of ills ! what have I done,
That Heaven should punish me with thee ?
From insolence, fraud, and oppression,
I ever have been innocent and free.
Thou wert intended (Poverty)
A scourge for pride, and avarice,
I ne'er was tainted yet with either vice ;
I never in prosperity,
Nor in the height of all my happiness,
Scorn'd, or neglected any in distress,
My hand, my heart, my door
Were ever open'd to the poor ;
And I to others in their need have granted,
Ere they could ask, the thing they wanted,
Whereas I now, although I humbly crave it,
Do only ask for peace, and cannot have it.

Give me but that, ye bloody persecutors
(Who formerly have been my suitors),
And I'll surrender all the rest
For which you so contest.
For Heav'n's sake, let me but be quiet,
I'll not repine at clothes, nor diet,
Any habit ne'er so mean,
Let it be but whole, and clean,
Such as nakedness will hide,
Will amply satisfy my pride ;
And for meat
Husks, and acorns I will eat,
And for better never wish ;
But when you will me better treat,
A turnip is a princely dish ;
Since then I thus far am subdu'd,
And so humbly do submit,
Faith, be no more so monstrous rude,
But some repose at least permit ;
Sleep is to life, and human nature due,
And that, alas, is all for which I humbly sue.

In another ode on *Death* (which he calls a "Child's bug-bear" because :

The Nurse to keep the child in fear,
Discreetly tells it, it must die,

Be put into a hole, eaten with worms ;
Presenting Death in thousand ugly forms,

but which by the wise is esteemed the greatest felicity) he welcomes the thought of the peace of the grave :

The grave is privileg'd from noise, and care,
From tyranny, and wild oppression,
Violence has so little power there,
Even worst oppressors let the dead alone ;
We're there secure from Prince's frowns,
The insolences of the great,
From the rude hands of barb'rous clowns,
And policies of those that sweat
The simple to betray, and cheat ;
Or, if some one with sacrilegious hand
Would persecute us after Death,
His want of power shall his will withstand,
And he shall only lose his breath ;
For all that he by that shall gain,
Will be dishonour for his pain,
And all the clutter he can keep
Will only serve to rock us while we soundly sleep.

No loss of substance, parents, children, friends,
Either his peace, or sleep offends !

In another half-sad, half-humorous *Epistle to the Earl of* —— (probably Lord Chesterfield, Cotton's cousin) he describes an approaching financial catastrophe, and seems to contemplate seeking refuge from his importunate creditors by flying to France. He was still, however, endeavouring to keep up appearances at his beautiful country house :

You now must know
We do on our last quarter go ;
And that I may go bravely out,
And trowling merry bowl about,
To lord, and lady, that and this,
As nothing were at all amiss,
When after twenty days are past,
Poor Charles has eat and drunk his last.
No more plum-porridge then, or pie,
No brawn with branch of rosemary,
No chine of beef, enough to make
The tallest yeoman's chine to crack ;
No bag-pipe humming in the hall,
Nor noise of house-keeping at all,
Nor sign, by which it may be said,
This house was once inhabited.
I may perhaps, with much ado,
Rub out a Christmas more, or two ;
Or, if the fates be pleas'd, a score,
But never look to keep one more

In a note to Sir John Hawkins' memoir of Cotton a tradition is mentioned that Cotton used to seek refuge from his creditors in a cave wonderfully concealed in the wild, romantic grounds of Beresford Hall, grounds which, in part, precipitously overlook the River Dove. "But a few years since," he says, "the granddaughter of the faithful woman who carried him food while in that humiliating retreat, was living." This seems a most probable story, as Cotton himself in one of his poems (*The Retirement*—to Mr. Izaak Walton) refers to his

Belovèd caves ! from dog-star heats,
And hotter persecution safe retreats.

It is not necessary here to dwell further on this aspect of Cotton's life, which is emphasised in a number of his poems ; enough has been said to show how it influenced his mind. Apart from this probably intermittent, though while it lasted deadly anxiety, Cotton's life seems to have been really happy. From his many fine lyrics it is clear that he was an ardent lover, and when at the age of twenty-six he settled down to marriage he appears to have been devoted to his wife and his children. Every now and again he went on a jaunt to London, and on one occasion—apparently in the year 1670—to Ireland. This latter expedition is celebrated in a long poem, *A Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque*, an admirable story brimful of humour and vivid description. You ride with him all the way from Beresford to the coast, where the poem unfortunately ends, stop at an inn or two to drink ale of unutterable excellence, stay the week-end at Chester, attend service in the Cathedral, and sup with the Mayor, and then on again through Wales, led by a guide mounted on a scarecrow of a horse.

Cotton does not appear to have taken any public part in the civil and political turmoils of his time, though it is clear from his writings that he was a devoted Royalist. Apart from his journey to Ireland and travels abroad in his youth, and occasional expeditions to London, Cotton seems to have lived most of his life at Beresford Hall, on the banks of the Dove. He could hardly have lived in a more beautiful spot. Izaak Walton, who used to stay with him there, says of the place, "the pleasantness of the river, mountains and meadows about it, cannot be described ; unless Sir Philip Sidney, or Mr. Cotton's father were alive again to do it." So quiet and beautiful are the surroundings that it would be difficult to live there and not write poetry ! To Cotton, a countryman born and bred, and an accomplished angler, his home was clearly an earthly paradise, and the most beautiful of the poems are written about it and the countryside around. Of all Cotton's poetry—the love lyrics, the odes, the burlesques, the excellent drinking songs—the poems on Nature are the best. In an *Ode to Love*—the love of Nature, not the love of women—he reveals his spiritual pilgrimage :

Great Love, I thank thee, now thou hast
Paid me for all my suff'rings past,
And wounded me with Nature's pride,
For whom more glory 'tis to die

Scorn'd and neglected, than enjoy
All beauty in the world beside.

Led by my folly or my fate,
I lov'd before I knew not what,
And threw my thoughts I knew not where ;
 With judgment now I love and sue,
 And never yet perfection knew,
Until I cast mine eyes on her.

My soul, that was so base before
Each little beauty to adore,
Now rais'd to glory, does despise
 Those poor and counterfeited rays
 That caught me in my childish days,
And knows no power but her eyes.

Allowing for the century and more that separated them, and the vast difference of the age in which they lived, it is not extravagant to describe Cotton as being in some sense a forerunner of Wordsworth. Unlike others of that divine choir of seventeenth-century singers, the appeal of Nature to Cotton lay not in its elaborate beauty, but in its primitive and profound simplicity. Wordsworth was himself a great admirer of Cotton's work, and it is noteworthy that he should have compared him with another great poet of Nature, Robert Burns. In his brilliant *Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns* he observes "that this highly-gifted man (Cotton) . . . in versatility of genius bore no unobvious resemblance to the Scottish bard." This comparison pleased the unerring judgment of Charles Lamb, who, writing to Wordsworth in 1816, says : "The parallel of Cotton with Burns I heartily approve." I ought perhaps to add that Wordsworth, in the manner where humour always failed him, the manner of public moralist, also indicates that Cotton and Burns were alike in the looseness of their lives. As to this it should be said that, apart from the looseness of language in a number of Cotton's poems, a fashion of his time, there is no evidence of particular looseness of life. All we know is that he married twice and had nine children in lawful wedlock ; Wordsworth should not have jumped to conclusions ! Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has very properly trounced Dr. Bethune, an American editor of *The Compleat Angler*, for representing Cotton as such a debauched character as almost to be unworthy the society of the saintly Walton. He may have been immoral, but we do not know. Even if he was, Wordsworth's own most admirable apologia for Robert Burns contains the final word on such matters.

In Wordsworth's essay *Of Poetry as Observation and Description*, after drawing that curious distinction between Imagination and Fancy, "Fancy is given to quicken and to beguile the temporal part of our nature, Imagination to incite and to support the eternal"—he takes Cotton's "*Ode upon Winter*, an admirable composition . . . for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy." The poem pleases him so much that he "cannot

resist the pleasure of transcribing " some eleven stanzas. *Winter* is certainly one of Cotton's masterpieces, and by itself would make his name immortal were it only known. It consists in all of some fifty-three stanzas, but, despite its length, the brilliance of description and of rhyme is sustained throughout. *Winter* is seen sailing to England on a tempest-tossed ship, with his armed soldiers of Winds and Snow, Hail and Ice. I do not know of any poem which so riots with metaphorical excellence or makes one shiver more from the utter cold. This is the armour of *Winter's* " life-guard of Mountaineers " :

Their partizans are fine carved glass,
Fringed with the morning's spangled grass ;
And pendant by their brawny thighs,
Hang scimitars of burnisht ice.

We fly before this terrible army to the fortress, well stocked with the best liquor, and then you are suddenly made to feel thoroughly warm and safe :

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,
And those that languish into health,
The afflicted into joy, the opprest
Into security and rest.

The brave shall triumph in success,
The lovers shall have mistresses,
Poor unregarded virtue praise,
And the neglected Poet bays.

There are two other poems about *Winter*, both of them, in their way, excellent. Cotton was always complaining of the bitter cold in his bleak Staffordshire and Derbyshire country, just as he complains of its remoteness, but in reality he was in love with the beauty of winter, of summer, and of solitude. In those wonderful " stanzas irreguliers " to Izaak Walton, first published in the famous fifth edition of *The Compleat Angler*, in 1676, you read :

Good God ! how sweet are all things here !
How beautiful the fields appear !
How cleanly do we feed and lie !
Lord ! what good hours do we keep !
How quietly we sleep !
What peace ! what unanimity !
How innocent from the leud fashion,
Is all our business, all our conversation ! "

These irregular stanzas, of which there are nine others equally good, were favourites with Charles Lamb, who quotes from them with obvious delight in a letter to Thomas Hood written in 1827. Izaak Walton refers to this poem in his letter to Cotton dated April 29th, 1676, accompanying the newly-printed edition of *The Compleat Angler* of that year : " And Sir, I have ventured to fill a part of your margins by way of paraphrase, for

the reader's clearer understanding the situation, both of your Fishing-House and the pleasantness of that you dwell in. And I have ventured also to give him a copy of Verses that you were pleased to send me, now, some years past, in which he may see a good picture of both ; and so much of your own mind too, as will make any reader, that is blest with a generous soul to love you the better. I confess that for doing this you may justly judge me too bold ; if you do, I will say so too ; and so far commute for my offence that, though I be more than a hundred miles from you, and in the eighty-third year of my age, yet will I forget both, and next month begin a pilgrimage to beg your pardon ; for I would die in your favour, and till then will live, Sir, your most affectionate Father and Friend, Izaak Walton."

It is impossible to do justice to a poet by quoting two or three verses out of a poem ; the most one can hope to do is to give some faint idea of his mind, of his manner of writing, and of his compass. In Cotton's case the best poems are mostly too long to quote as a whole. These Quatrains on *Evening* are, however, not long and will afford at least one complete example of his art :

EVENING, *Quatrains*

The day's grown old, the fainting sun
Has but a little way to run,
And yet his steeds, with all his skill,
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

With labour spent, and thirst opprest,
Whilst they strain hard to gain the West,
From fetlocks hot drops melted light,
Which turn to meteors in the night.

The shadows now so long do grow,
That brambles like tall cedars show,
Mole-hills seem mountains, and the ant
Appears a monstrous elephant.

A very little little flock
Shades thrice the ground that it would stock ;
Whilst the small stripling following them,
Appears a mighty Polypheme.

These being brought into the fold,
And by the thrifty master told,
He thinks his wages are well paid,
Since none are either lost or stray'd.

Now lowing herds are each-where heard
Chains rattle in the villain's yard,
The cart's on tail set down to rest,
Bearing on high the cuckold's crest.

THE LONDON MERCURY

The hedge is stripped, the clothes brought in,
 Nought's left without should be within,
 The bees are hiv'd, and hum their charm,
 Whilst every house does seem a swarm.

The cock now to the roost is prest :
 For he must call up all the rest ;
 The sow's fast pegg'd within the sty,
 To still her squeaking progeny.

Each one has had his supping mess.
 The cheese is put into the press,
 The pans and bowls clean scalded all,
 Rear'd up against the milk-house wall.

And now on benches all are sat
 In the cool air to sit and chat,
 Till Phœbus, dipping in the west,
 Shall lead the world the way to rest.

The main characteristic of Cotton's poetry is its extraordinary directness. He had an astonishing gift of saying what he really meant and felt in the simplest and most appropriate words. He had perhaps the greatest of all moral and poetic qualities, sincerity. Contrasted with some of the great poets of his century, he is "a plain man," but he is none the less, or rather he is all the more for that a poet. Charles Lamb, in his lovely essay on *New Year's Eve*, at the end of which he quotes in full Cotton's poem on *The New Year*, speaks of that poem as "the purging sunlight of clear poetry." This praise might be applied to a great number, if not a large majority, of those poems which appeared in 1689. Whether they are love poems, or poems on Nature, or odes in the classical style, or drinking songs, they are almost always "clear poetry." Even in an artificial form of poem, such as **An Epigram Writ in Calista's Prayer-Book*, or an epitaph *On the Lamented Death of my Dear Uncle Mr. Radcliff Stanhope*, there is the same unelaborateness and justness of expression.

In a postscript to a letter written to Coleridge on November 8th, 1796, Lamb gives this excellent advice about the writing of poetry :

"Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge ; or rather, I should say, banish elaborateness ; for simplicity springs spontaneous from the heart, and carries into daylight its own modest buds, and genuine, sweet, and clear flowers of expression. I allow no hot-beds in the gardens of Parnassus."

We must complete the story of Cotton's life. In 1681 he published a long poem called *The Wonders of the Peak*, which he dedicated to the Countess of Devonshire, among the Wonders described being Chatsworth. This poem went through several editions, and will be found in the collection of his two other long works in verse, the *Virgil Travestie* and *The Scoffer Scoft* (a burlesque of some of Lucian's dialogues), which went through so

* This is a rendering of François de Malherbe's "*A Caliste. Pour mettre devant ses heures.*"

many editions in the eighteenth century. It is amusing that *The Wonders of the Peak* was written in imitation of a Latin poem, *De mirabilibus Pecci*, by the philosopher Hobbes. The last work completed before his death was his translation of *Montaigne's Essays*, in three volumes, which Sir Harris Nicholas says, "Is considered to be his most important contribution to English literature ; for, unlike translations in general, it is said rather to excel than be inferior to the original." In February, 1687, Cotton died of a fever in London, and was buried in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, not St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, as is commonly stated in the memoirs of his life, on the authority of a contemporary MS. diary.

Two years after his death *Poems on Several Occasions* made their appearance, though no one knows who was responsible for an edition which bears the marks of having been put hastily together, some of the poems appearing twice over. This manner of publishing his father's poems caused the eldest son, Beresford Cotton, much distress, and in the publisher's preface to his father's translation of the *Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis* it is stated : " If the person who disposed of the Poems to the booksellers had consulted Mr. Cotton's relations, as he ought to have done, both his memory and the world had been much more obliged to him. For by these ungenerous proceedings he hath obstructed the publishing of a collection very different from that ; and well chosen by the author, with a preface by himself and all copied out for the press."

The " obstruction " has continued to this day, and the edition of 1689, which, in the absence of Cotton's own, " all copied out for the press," must remain the authoritative one, has never been republished. This is a profound misfortune ; I hope it may shortly be remedied as soon as the necessary negotiations with a publisher for a reasonably cheap edition can be completed.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES & NEWS

Correspondence from Readers on all subjects of bibliographical interest is invited. The Editor will, to the best of his ability, answer all queries addressed to him.

GENERAL NOTES

IN honour of the four-hundredth anniversary of printing in Cambridge Messrs. Bowes & Bowes, of that town, have issued a well-produced half-crown pamphlet, *John Siberch, the First Cambridge Printer*, by Mr. George J. Gray, who is known to bibliographers for his previous writings on Cambridge printers and binders and for his bibliography of Sir Isaac Newton. In the present pamphlet Mr. Gray very readably summarises all that, after the investigations of Henry Bradshaw, Dr. Jenkinson, Mr. Robert Bowes, Mr. E. Gordon Duff, and himself, is known about Siberch. It does not amount to very much as far as mere quantity goes, yet one feels that any trifling fact is worth recording which can throw any speck of light on the career of this man. For the figure of the craftsman who first printed a book in Cambridge, one of our two greatest University towns, is certainly something of a historic monument upon the path of the intellectual development of England. Briefly, all we know of Siberch is that he came from near Cologne, was in Cambridge from 1520 to 1523, bound a certain number of books, and printed nine. Of these nine, eight are known from complete copies (of which there are forty-two—twelve of them in Cambridge), and one, Lily and Erasmus *de octo partium orationis constructione libellus*, from a single leaf. Siberch's first book was Henry Bullock's *Oratio*, with the imprint dated February, 1521. That, in outline, is the present state of our knowledge of the first Cambridge printer, who, incidentally, had no successor until Thomas Thomas in 1584 became printer to the University. But the very scantiness of what we know on a subject that so catches the imagination makes one wish to go out and add something more to the common stock of knowledge; and I suspect that more than one reader of Mr. Gray's pamphlet will resolve—firmly, if perhaps only momentarily—to discover before he dies a tenth book printed by Siberch. As a sort of postscript to this note I may add that it is a reproduction of one of Siberch's woodcut borders, with the coat of arms altered, that adorns the covers and title-pages of the little *Manuals of Science and Literature* published by the Cambridge University Press, and that Mr. Gray also reproduces the same border, together with two other woodcuts of Siberch's and part of a plan of Cambridge, showing the house in which he lived, as illustrations to this essay.

ONE of the non-Cambridge libraries that possess examples of Siberch's work is the John Rylands Library at Manchester, and I have just received for review *The John Rylands Library, Manchester: a brief record of twenty-one years' work (1900-January, 1921). Illustrated with forty-three views and facsimiles.* By Henry Guppy, M.A., Librarian (Manchester: The University Press). This paper-bound volume of fifty-eight pages (plus the illustrations) costs only a shilling, and the production is for the price a remarkable one; it is issued in this form (the account first appeared in the January number of the *Bulletin of the Library*) "to signalise the visit to the Library of the members of the Library Association" during their recent conference in Manchester. The John Rylands Library was founded by the late Mrs. Rylands in memory of her husband, who died in 1888. Building was begun in 1890, and the Library was opened to students in January, 1900. Originally the central idea of the foundation, as of Mr. Rylands's private collection, was theological,

but the foundress soon began to widen its scope, and purchased for about a quarter of a million pounds Lord Spencer's Althorp Library, rich in early printed books, and for an almost equally large sum Lord Crawford's collection of manuscripts. The Library is now in the hands of trustees (Mrs. Rylands died in 1908) and has about 250,000 volumes; among them are over three thousand early-printed books (including sixty Caxtons), eight hundred volumes from the press of Aldus, two complete sets of Shakespeare folios, and a magnificent collection of Bibles, to mention only a few of its treasures. Its aim is as far as possible to give the North of England some sort of equivalent to the library of the British Museum. Mr. Guppy's account of this splendid foundation is to be commended to those interested in the work of public libraries, as also to wealthy persons with a few millions to spare, though it was not merely money that Mrs. Rylands gave, but also attention, care, and personal enthusiasm for almost twenty years.

THE latest number of *The Library* (Fourth Series, Volume II, No. 2), the organ of the Bibliographical Society, has reached me. Its first article is Sir D'Arcy Power's *Notes on the Bibliography of Three Sixteenth-century English Books connected with London Hospitals*, in which he writes about *The Order of the Hospitals* (dated 1557, but almost certainly a "fake" done in the late seventeenth century at the expense of Samuel Pepys); Vicary's *Anatomy of Man*, 1577 (which the author shows to be a mere compilation from a fifteenth-century copy of a fourteenth-century manuscript), and *The Ordre of the Hospital of S. Bartholomewes*, of 1552. Mr. R. B. McKerrow writes also in this number on *The Use of the Galley in Elizabethan Printing*, Mr. W. W. Greg on *The Printing of the Beaumont and Fletcher Folio of 1647*, Mr. Stephen Gaselee on *The Ulrich and Afra Vincent of Beauvais*, and Mr. S. Savage on *A Little-known Bohemian Herbal*. The last-named article concerns the Bohemian version of Mattioli's commentaries, printed in Prague in 1562. This work was illustrated with very fine large woodcuts, some of which are reproduced in *The Library*. Those of the strawberry and the spikenard are especially beautiful.

IT is now my duty, and pleasure, to acknowledge the receipt of certain American publications. First of these comes the August number of the *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, which includes in its contents a further instalment of the history of the Library, by Mr. H. M. Lydenburg, and the third part of a catalogue of its Provençal Collection. Next is another of the publications, which I have frequently mentioned in these Notes, of Mr. H. Alfred Fowler, of Kansas City, *The Bookplate Annual for 1921*. This book, published in an edition limited to five hundred copies at \$5 each, is handsomely done, and will certainly appeal to *amateurs* of modern book-plates, among which select body I do not pretend to number myself. Thirdly, and lastly, there lies on my desk *Training for Librarianship, Library Work as a Career*, by J. H. Friedel, M.A. (Lippincott, Philadelphia and London, 7s. 6d. or \$1.75). Nothing could show more clearly than does this book the difference between the English and American attitudes towards libraries. In England a library is still regarded as, first of all, an instrument of scholarship, and a librarian, ideally, as a man of great learning. In America, save for a few specialised institutions such as the Pierpont Morgan or Huntington Collections, the library is primarily an instrument of social welfare, a means to the production of better citizens and to the conversion of bad foreigners into good Americans, an aid to business and to manners; and a librarian is a technical expert, not necessarily of a scholarly turn of mind at all. This, of course, is putting the matter somewhat crudely, without saying the whole truth about either the English or the American point of view; but it does, I think, indicate a real difference of standpoint. One can see it all through Mr. Friedel's book; of Pittsburg, for example, he quotes the following passage:

"It is a great industrial center. More than one-third of its population is foreign-born. . . . The social conditions thus created present many problems of especial interest in library work."

Mr. Friedel scorns the idea that a librarian is born and not made, and his country apparently scorns it, too, for he gives a table of eighteen different schools of librarianship. I don't know how many such institutions there may be in England—not many, I suspect. Probably it would be a good thing if each country would learn a little from the other on this question; and, indeed, there are signs that this is already happening.

BALLADRY is usually considered an art of past centuries, but in reality it is one that has never ceased, though it is to-day certainly in a debased state. If one keeps one's eyes open modern ballads will continually make themselves seen. I remember, for instance, a ragged merchant in Cambridge market-place, at the time of the Crippen trial, tempting passers-by with the cry of "'Ere y'are, sir. Twelve new songs! All about the dirty doctor!" And several times this year I have been entreated to buy ballads sold on behalf of the workless. Of these the commonest, perhaps, is our old friend *The Suffering Unemployed*. Recently, however, I picked up one that I did not previously know. Unfortunately it is not a very good one; this is how it begins, to the air of *Cast Out*:

Some thousands in England are starving,
And all through no fault of their own,
The troubles of poverty sharing,
And only to them it is known.
It's hard when the cupboard is empty,
And through the streets the poor men must roam,
And all the week through with nothing to do.
Yet with poor hungry children at home.

It is poorish stuff, I am afraid, though the refrain has something of the real "Come-all-ye" flavour:

Then pity the unemployed workmen,
Who starve all the weekdays through,
They don't want to shirk any kind of hard work,
But, alas, they can't get it to do!

The next verse begins with an incontrovertible statement:

A man who is fond of his children
To keep them alive does his best.

But unluckily the poem is but one more proof that it is not enough for a work of art to be true to make it also beautiful.

ITEMS FROM THE BOOKSHOPS AND CATALOGUES

ALIST of secondhand books, which has arrived from Messrs. J. & E. Bumpus Ltd., of 350 Oxford Street, W.1, contains a very miscellaneous assortment of things, among which I notice a vellum copy of Dr. J. C. Williamson's catalogue of the Pierpont Morgan collection of miniatures, four volumes, folio, privately printed at the Chiswick Press in 1906; the price of this fine volume is £250. There is also a first edition, 4to, 1770, of Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village*, with the inscription: "Charlotte Boyle, Walsingham. Given me by the Author, 1770," and for this £48 10s. is asked. Two other attractive items are Bulmer's 1796 quarto of Somerville's *The Chase*, in a binding by Edwards, of Halifax, for £4 15s.; and Gay's *Fables*, two volumes, octavo, 1793, Stockdale's edition, with plates by Blake and others, for £2 15s.

MESSRS. MAGGS, of 34 and 35 Conduit Street, W.1, have just published a remarkable catalogue (No. 412) which deals with *The Voyages and Discoveries of Early Travellers and Missionaries. Part 1. America*. The most important item is a set of secret maps of the Americas and the Indies, made in 1630 by João Teixeira, Cosmographer of the King of Portugal, and secured in 1681 by the Spanish Secret Service. The first map is one of the Spanish and Portuguese Conquests, and is falsified (for use at conferences between the two nations) so as to show the Rio de la Plata within the Portuguese boundaries. For these most interesting maps (twenty-eight in all) Messrs. Maggs are asking £750. Another interesting thing in this list is a copy of Waldseemueller's *Cosmographia Introductio*, 4to, printed at Strassburg in 1509 by Johannes Grüninger, of which the price is £250. This is the book in which the newly-discovered continent in the West was christened *Amerige*, or, as we now have it, *America*.

FROM Mr. James Tregaskis, of the Caxton Head, 66 Great Russell Street, W.C.1, comes his catalogue (No. 845) of autograph letters, manuscripts, and association books. In the last-named class is Thomas Gray's copy of Stow's *Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster*, the 1720 edition, in two volumes, folio, priced by Mr. Tregaskis at £95. It has Gray's autograph on the title-page and annotations throughout in his hand, which were made during his stay in London from 1759-1761. It takes one just a moment to recognise the father of Gray's biographer, Mr. Edmund Gosse, in the Philip Henry Goose, zoologist (ornithologist it might well have been), a letter by whom is offered for £1 5s. This is not, I think, the first time this very unjust misprint has occurred. Other items in this list are a thirty-line poem by R. L. Stevenson, in his writing, for £54 12s., and a two-page letter from Doctor Johnson, dated June 7th, 1768, for £21. The latter discloses for the first time the maiden name—Betty Ford—of Mrs. Heely, Johnson's cousin, over whose husband's distresses, and the Doctor's relief of them, Boswell and Sir John Hawkins expressed such very different views. It is something of a feather in a bookseller's cap to be able to supply a fact of Johnsonian biography which has escaped even Birkbeck-Hill.

TWO catalogues reach me from Messrs. Davis & Orioli, of 24 Museum Street, W.C.1. The one (No. 31, New Series) is devoted to this firm's speciality of early Italian books, and to manuscripts, early medical books, and incunabula; the other (No. 13) contains modern books. In the latter is a presentation copy of Masfield's *Salt-Water Ballads*, 1902, £30; the original autograph manuscript of Flecker's *Thirty-six Poems* (published in 1910), £60; *Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets*, 1870, by J. A. Blaikie and Edmund Gosse, a very rare book, £3; and a first edition, 1820, of Clare's *Poems, Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery*, which is cheap at 10s. 6d., considering the little "boom" in Clare's books that has been going on recently.

MR. LESLIE CHAUNDY'S latest list (No. 52) from his shop at Oxford contains a good many works on Anglo-Saxon and Middle English, from a students' library which he has recently purchased. There is also, at the price of ten guineas, a collection of letters, manuscripts, etc., of Augustus de Morgan, the mathematician and logician, and father of William de Morgan, the novelist.

FROM Mr. Francis Edwards, of 83 High Street, Marylebone, W.1, comes a catalogue (No. 418) of "Books for the Library." It contains chiefly library editions of standard authors, many of them in fine bindings. There is also a sprinkling of rare books in their original editions, including a good many first editions of books by Dr. Johnson. The following are some of the items which I have noticed in looking through this list: *The Workes of Sir Thomas More*, folio, 1557, £50; Lord Lilford's

Coloured Figures of the Birds of the British Islands, seven volumes, 8vo, 1885-97, £65 ; Gould's *Birds of Great Britain*, five volumes, folio, 1873, two copies, one at £56 and the other at £65 ; Curtis's *Botanical Magazine*, complete set, 1787-1915, 143 volumes in ninety-four, 8vo, £200 ; *The Workes of Geffrey Chaucer*, black-letter, folio, 1561, £40 ; Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, first edition, 4to, 1621, £85 ; Beaumont and Fletcher, the first folio edition of the *Comedies and Tragedies*, 1647, £100 ; Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, first edition, 4to, 1605, £30 ; and the Baskerville edition, four volumes, 4to, 1761, of the *Works of Addison*, £30.

THE Chelsea Book Club Ltd., of 65 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.3, has not, I think, previously issued a catalogue, but it has now made a good beginning with a short list of about ninety books, mostly modern. Items 22 and 23 in this list are presentation copies of Mr. Conrad's *Chance* and *The Shadow Line*. *Chance* has the inserted 1914 title-page, and the autumn, 1913, publisher's announcements at the end. Of each of these books the price is sixteen guineas. The Chelsea Book Club is to be commended on not printing, in its descriptions of these volumes, the names of the persons to whom they were presented by the author.

MESSRS. LUZAC & CO., of 46 Great Russell Street, W.C.1, have sent me their *Bibliotheca Orientalis* 23, a catalogue of new and second-hand books and manuscripts in and about the Persian language and Persia. This is very much a catalogue for specialists, and I can here do no more than remark that special attention is drawn to a late sixteenth-century Persian manuscript of 164 folios, the *Rauzat us-Saba*, by Mirkhwand, which has thirteen coloured miniatures. The price of this manuscript is £350. There are in all more than nine hundred items in Messrs. Luzac's catalogue.

I. A. WILLIAMS

BOOK-PRODUCTION NOTES

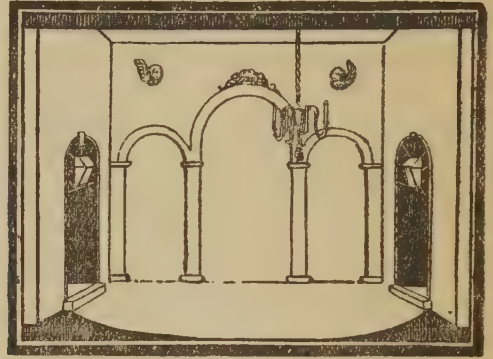
THE CLOISTER PRESS

FROM the Cloister Press, at Heaton Mersey, there comes a very dainty packet of what advertisers call advertising literature, sent out to call the attention of business men and others to the service which that newly-established Press has to offer them. That makes these little booklets none the less interesting as specimens of printing ; for a printer tries to put his best work into his own advertisements. These specimens owe their quite unusual interest partly to the diversity of the ingredients and partly to the good taste and skill of the printer who has cooked them into so delectable a pie. Mr. Stanley Morison, until lately with the Pelican Press, has taken with him from the Thames to the Mersey the standards and much of the style which prevail at that office. The materials for these little pamphlets—*The Distinguished Result* and *An Advertisement*—have been brought together from many different points of the compass. The type is American—that “Kennerley” and “Cloister” which have already been discussed in these Notes. The paper on which *The Distinguished Result* is printed is Dutch, being an unbleached Van Gelder hand-made, giving a rather square octavo page which only the watermark warns me not to call a small quarto. *An Advertisement* is wrapped in a hand-made *carta stampata* from Italy, lapped over the end-papers : it is stained a dark terra-cotta and afterwards printed with a spot pattern of black and golden bronze. A sketch-map printed with red and green buildings and green trees tells you just where the Cloister Press is situated and makes even the railway lines decorative ; and a collotype frontispiece shows what the newly-erected printing-office looks like. The ornaments are some of them sixteenth-century Aldine, some eighteenth-century French, some twentieth-century Monotype. Ninety-nine printers out of a hundred could only have made a bad mess out of all these incongruous elements. As served up by Mr. Morison the blend is charming.

THE GARAMOND PRESS

OF even greater interest than these advertisements is a leaflet from the Cloister Press showing an advance specimen of the Garamond type, which Mr. Bruce Rogers has modelled upon the beautiful letter cut by the Paris printer after whom it has been named. It is perhaps as difficult for a modern typesetter to reproduce exactly an old type-face as for a modern scribe to copy an early hand ; and this new fount, the punches for which have been cut by machine, has not quite the grace and freedom of the prototype. Nevertheless, it is a very pleasant letter, which, it is hoped, may before long be at the service of printers generally. The figures, which were cut by Garamond, like all “old-face” figures, with “descending” 3, 4, 5, 7, and 9 and with “ascending” 6 and 8, are replaced by “ascending” figures, all made to line like the capital letters of the fount, as they do in “modern” types at the sacrifice both of beauty and clearness. That is a fault which gives quite unnecessary tribulation to anyone who has to look up a train in *Bradshaw*.

B. H. NEWDIGATE



"PICTURES FROM LOVAT FRASER'S *BEGGAR'S OPERA*"

CORRESPONDENCE

BRITISH LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—The treatment accorded to British literary property in the United States of America is a matter of such importance that a statement of the present position may be useful.

As is now generally known, the United States is practically the only civilised country of importance that remains outside the Berne Convention, a Convention that secures copyright in literary work in all the countries of the signatories (a Convention that Germany respected even throughout the war). The chief obstacle that prevents the adherence of the United States is now, as it has always been, the "Manufacturing Clause" of their Copyright Act, a requirement hitherto peculiar to America, but now, alas, contemplated by Canada, which involves the typesetting, printing, and production of a book in the United States within a prescribed period of its publication in Great Britain. This period has recently been increased by an Amendatory Copyright Act which was proclaimed by President Wilson on February 2nd, 1920. The main purpose of that Act was to protect the copyright of books published during the war, and it provided that, in so far as such books had not already been issued in America, copyright in them could still be secured if they were manufactured in the United States within fifteen months of the declaration of peace. But the Act further provides that on or after the date of the President's Proclamation of Peace the deposit in the American Copyright Office not later than sixty days after its publication abroad of one complete copy of the English edition, with a request for the reservation of the copyright, shall secure a further *ad interim* copyright of four months. From the foregoing it will be seen that British authors and publishers now have in effect a period of six months in which to comply with the "Manufacturing Clause."

Unless this last condition is complied with, British literary property is at the mercy of anyone who cares to print it in the States, and, although it is true no reputable publisher would think of doing so, there are American firms which make a practice of pirating English books.

This Manufacturing Clause is not to my knowledge defended by one single American publisher or author of standing. The *New York Publishers' Weekly* (as representing the publishers) and the *Authors' League of America* (as representing authors) are unanimous in denouncing it. It is condemned in no uncertain terms by all those in America having most intimate knowledge of the subject, such as Mr. Herbert Putnam and Mr. Herbert A. Howell, of the Library of Congress, and, above all, by Mr. Thorvald Solberg, the Registrar of Copyright of the United States of America, who points out in one of his yearly reports that the remedy is such action as will confer copyright security in all the English-speaking countries from the day the work is first published in any one of them. He adds, "The statutory requirements of publication and manufacture should be subordinated to the secured protection of the author's literary and artistic property." It is interesting to observe in this connection that the American copyright laws do not require that a book by a foreign author printed in a foreign language shall be reset in the United States.

The attitude taken by the United States, when formulating their copyright Acts, towards this important international question was not, it appears, decided by any appeal to reason or justice; it was dictated by the leaders of the American Typographical Union (backed by the binders, etc.), who thought thereby to secure additional printing and binding in the States. It is, therefore, of interest to examine precisely what they have achieved by their action. It is common knowledge, at any rate, in the publishing trade, that, apart from fiction, the proportion of new books manufactured in Great Britain and copyrighted in the United States is very small. Mr. Solberg, the Registrar of Copyright, dealing with the period of ten years that had expired since the Copyright Act of 1909 went into effect, stated that of the hundred thousand books or more published in England approximately three

thousand were protected by deposit, and of these only one thousand, more or less, have had copyright completed by the deposit of editions of American manufacture, an allowance of practically one hundred books per year. Of these it is fair to state that 90 per cent. would, in any case, have been manufactured in the United States, for most of them were novels; and, apart from questions of economy, it is only by dual printing that it is possible to meet any exceptional demand.

It is clear from the foregoing that the effect of the Manufacturing Clause seems to have been to discourage rather than to promote American manufacture, and this is borne out by all those who have given the matter any careful study.

To quote Mr. Solberg again, "it seems fairly reasonable therefore that both the Typographical Unions and such others as favour the Manufacturing Clause may withdraw their opposition to a more full international copyright union," for, as he goes on to say, "there is a unity of interest between all the English speaking and reading nations which urges the establishment of assured protection for all intellectual works throughout all of them." It would seem that this prediction is likely to be fulfilled, for unofficially it is understood that no further opposition is to be feared from the American Typographical Unions. The next move is with Congress, and if time can be found for the necessary legislation, the missing signature to the Berne Convention may yet be forthcoming. But the possibility of trouble arising out of recent Canadian copyright legislation must not be overlooked.—Yours, etc.,

STANLEY UNWIN.

40 Museum Street, W.C., October.

THE ARTS LEAGUE OF SERVICE

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—I am writing to ask whether you will be good enough to give us the help of your columns in this our first appeal to the public for funds. The various activities of the League have from time to time been commented on with appreciation and encouragement by the Press.

We would like to point out to you that :

(1) We have no capital and have worked for two years without making an appeal to the public for funds.

(2) Our dramatic work is the most effective form of propaganda for the aims of the League as a whole.

(3) Our two years' experience of these village tours proves beyond a doubt that a keen demand exists all over the country, not only for drama, but for all forms of art.

As regards (1), while other societies have asked for funds before commencing their activities, the A.L.S. has accomplished two years' work, and only asks for money when forced to do so. Having no capital, an emergency like the recent coal dispute, which began the very week we started our Spring tour, caused us a heavy loss, and we cannot book another lengthy tour in the provinces unless we have sufficient capital to fall back on in any similar emergency.

The League is a non-profitmaking society which is endeavouring to provide artistic entertainments, at which people in all parts of the country may have an opportunity of witnessing the work of some of the best playwrights, poets, musicians, and artists of the day.

The fee asked for can do little more than cover expenses and contribute in a small way towards the upkeep of the London office and the maintenance of the motor-lorry and garage.

Artists, although their gaiety and courage under difficulties seem to prevent people from realising the fact, require a living wage as much as any other class of workers.

With reference to (2) : Those of our supporters who are more especially interested in drama have advised us to cut our dramatic work off from the rest of the League's activities. We believe this would be a great mistake. It is not for drama alone that the country places are starving—our experience proves that music and the other arts are just as keenly needed, and drama, through its great popularity, is proving itself to be the thin end of the wedge

that will make art possible all over the country. The intention of the League is to awaken interest in *all* the arts, and its dramatic programme has been carefully selected with that aim. The A.L.S. looks upon the theatre as a nucleus for all the arts; they all radiate from it.

Our last point (3) emphasises the national importance of the work. The extraordinary success of the tours, in spite of financial difficulties, is due to this widespread curiosity and appreciation regarding art. We would like to draw your attention here to the course of lectures on "An Understanding of Art," given by our official lecturer, Miss M. H. Bulley (outside examiner in fine art and archæology, University of Edinburgh), with unique lantern slides. We have had some applications from remote villages in Westmorland for these lectures, which certainly have been extraordinarily effective in awakening an intelligent appreciation of art.

We shall be most grateful for your invaluable help in making our appeal for funds known to your intelligent public. We feel that, should we be forced through lack of money to abandon the work, it would be nothing short of a calamity.—Yours, etc.,

I Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

E. M. ELDER,
Honorary Organising Secretary.

Extract from letter from Thomas Hardy, Esq., O.M., Max Gate, Dorchester, 17/5/21 :

"I have seen a performance by the theatrical company who are travelling under the auspices of the Arts League of Service, and was quite surprised by its freshness and general merit, the absence of the lumber of the ordinary theatre being anything but a drawback. The scheme of bringing dramatic art to the doors of the people seems to me deserving of the warmest support."

THE OLD TAG—*CLERUS ANGLICANUS*, ETC.

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—Is *stirps* (on page 553 of the September number) a misprint for *stupor* or have I long been mistaken as to the right reading? Even with *stupor* I have often wondered whether the saying was really appreciative or depreciative of the Anglican clergy: but with *stirps* I fail to get any intelligible meaning out of it at all! Has the source of the remark ever been discovered?—Yours, etc.,

Ripple Rectory, Kent, September 1st.

C. L. FELTOE.

A LETTER FROM IRELAND

Dublin, October 1921

I DID not see Lord Dunsany's play, *If*, produced last summer at the Ambassadors Theatre, London, but read many criticisms of it with attention. These sent me to my shelves to take from them several of the works of this Irish author, who is so original in mind and style: *The Gods of Pegana* and *Tales of Three Hemispheres*, among others. Lord Dunsany is no longer one of the younger Irish writers; it must be sixteen years or more since he published his first story. He belongs, then, to the generation after that of Mr. Yeats and Æ: the generation of Mr. James Joyce, Mr. Padraic Colum, Mr. James Stephens, the "poets of Easter Week," and others, too many of whom began and ended their literary careers with the publication of a slight volume of promising verses. Mr. Stephens has Dunsany's fondness for playing with ideas (though his play is better-humoured than Dunsany's); but with none of the other writers mentioned does the author of *The Gods of Pegana* show any affinities. Both in choice of subject and manner Dunsany maintains a singular detachment from his contemporaries. Though he has not attempted any large achievement, his production of plays and stories has been steady and continuous, nor does he lack the versatility and capacity of the good journalist, for he served for a period as dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, and, later, turned his experiences in the war to literary account. He has to-day quite a prodigious reputation in the States (not among Irish-Americans!). Mr. E. A. Boyd, in his comprehensive work on modern Irish literature, described Dunsany and James Stephens as the two most important of the new Irish prose writers (had Mr. Boyd forgotten Mr. Joyce?); and whatever may be thought of this judgment, it will be agreed that Dunsany has been an example to many of his compatriots—although he has needed to write for his own pleasure only—in the seriousness with which he regards his art and in his persevering practice thereof.

Were Lord Dunsany's name not attached to his books one would scarcely guess that they came out of Ireland; certainly one could not tell from what part of Ireland they were. However, he is, in the matter of race and associations, more Irish than many writers the Irish quality of whose work is without question; and the historian, therefore, is glad to stretch a point in theory in order to recognise him as a contributor to the modern literature of the nation. Moreover, Dunsany's talent first won recognition in Ireland, and both his earlier plays, *The Glittering Gate* and *King Argimenes*, were performed at the Abbey Theatre, since when Dunsany has won triumphs in places as far apart as New York and Moscow. But it would be difficult to discover in what manner Dunsany has "revealed Ireland in a clear and beautiful light, created an Ireland": Æ's definition of the province of a national literature, which Mr. Boyd quotes with approval. His subject-matter has never been Irish. The gods and holy places of his stories are inventions of his own; he has created a new antiquity, a theogony for himself, forgetting or not knowing how rich Ireland already was in this respect; and even when he writes of natural events and people it is with scarcely a local allusion—his scenery is Kent or the Wold, his humans are Cockneys, for choice.

A writer, neither Irish nor English, of whom Dunsany reminds one is Jules Laforgue in the *Moralités Légendaires*. These are a set of whimsical stories based on old literary themes, on Hamlet, Salomé's dance before Herod, Lohengrin, etc. He has the jewelled beauty of style, which is Lord Dunsany's intention, and in this book the same technique which consists of an uncommon way of using strange words or,

more often, common words in a strange manner. The difference between Laforgue and the Irish author seems to be that between fine workmanship and a rather barbaric setting of glittering stones—not always of the first order. Nevertheless, the unevenness of Lord Dunsany's writing should not blind us to very considerable gifts of dramatic sense and power of various invention ; in these qualities he has few equals among Irish contemporaries. And perhaps one's chief disappointment, on reading through his books, is due to one's having looked for something that he had not intended to be there : some subtle philosophical meaning or significant attitude towards the world. Some of his stories and plays reveal a harsh, sardonic humour born of a quick, if not profound, reading of the weaknesses of human nature. In *The Glittering Gate*, a one-act piece, he presents two dead burglars knocking at the gate of Heaven. One of them is wearily uncorking a beer-bottle ; it proves to be empty. More and more bottles descend constantly through the air, and all are empty ; finally, when the gates swing open and nothing is discovered but darkness and stars ("blooming great stars"), the burglars, instead of feeling that they are the victims of their own illusion, blame someone, not themselves, who had raised their hopes.

BILL : There ain't no heaven, Jim.

JIM : That's like them. That's very like them. Yes, they'd do that.

The Gods of Pegana, an account of the genealogy and affiliation of Lord Dunsany's deities, Time and the Gods, his collection of myths, are spoilt for one reader at least by the mock poetry of the nomenclature ; but they contain many passages with a genuine poetic idea, the opening of the second chapter of *Pegana*, for example :

When Mana-Yood-Sushai had made the gods and Skarl, Skarl made a drum, and began to beat upon it that he might drum for ever. . . . And there fell a hush upon the gods when they saw that Mana rested, and there was silence on Pegana save for the drumming of Skarl. Skarl sitteth upon the mist before the feet of Mana-Yood-Sushai, above the gods of Pegana, and there he beateth his drum. Some say that the Worlds and the Suns are but the echoes of the drumming of Skarl, and others say that they may be dreams that arise in the mind of Mana because of the drumming of Skarl, as one may dream whose rest is troubled by sound of song

—which is reminiscent of Zarathustra—a juvenile Zarathustra with less of passion than the original. In his later stories Dunsany develops a Poe-esque skill in conveying grotesque and shivery impressions ; but he conveys little sense of the mystery in life, nor does he even ask, like Poe :

Is all that we do or dream
But a dream within a dream

—rather, one fancies him as being more suspicious than most of what cannot be seen or touched, quick beyond the average in marking down the fake or conjurer's trick : a temper which may have led him as an artist into occasional self-conflict and indecision. We perceive the unfortunate effect when he introduces realistic elements into narratives which are essentially romantic in conception. It is as if, after making his imaginative world of gods, fairy palaces, wondrous palaces, he were suddenly to describe his own creation as a fake and dismiss romance, beauty, poetry itself, for "stars, blooming great stars."

J. M. HONE

A LETTER FROM THE LOW COUNTRIES

Antwerp, September 1921.

AS the letters from abroad in this review must as much as possible be literary chronicles of the day, I cannot be expected to extend the historical outline of my first letter* into a full history of the modern Netherlandish and Belgian literatures by devoting myself here to the minute study of every figure of the former and present periods. Occasionally I may be led to do so for some of them—Louis Couperus for one, whose name is growing familiar with the English-reading public, thanks to translations of a few of his novels that have appeared since last year.

Like nearly every young *littérateur*, Louis Couperus (born 1863) began his career as a poet, but his *Orchids*, rather affected and made-up, did not meet with much praise. On the contrary, the publication of his first novel, *Eline Vere*, in 1889, was an event in our literature. Not only did the critics admire the keenness of its psycho-analysis, the exact paintings of characters and *milieux*, and the elegance and flourish of style, but the large public read that naturalistic romance of aristocratic spheres with unabated eagerness. Couperus is perfect in the creation of hypersensitive, bloodless people moving among depressing, weakening luxuries, but his art remains firm and healthy, even in its subtlest shadings; *Extase*, a novel, is, in my opinion, the most striking example thereof. I like less the more widely-read novels, *Majesty*, *World-Peace*, *High Trumps*—histories of Oriental fancy courts that lack sincerity. I prefer his fantastic fairy-tales, *Psyche*, *Fidessa*, *Babel*, and specially the too-little-appreciated *Dionysos*, which is more than a mythological story retold: the author magnified it into a splendid, rutilant prose-poem. I more than once thought of these books while reading, last year, Mr. C. E. Lawrence's *The God in the Thicket*.

Among the later novels, *Old People and Things that Pass* may be known by my readers, as an English translation of it appeared last year. I have not seen this edition, and am therefore not able to judge of it by comparison. I had pleasure, however, in reading much in praise of the work; it is indeed a very good one and characteristic of the Dutch novelist. The better part of the year Louis Couperus lives in Italy or on the Riviera. He has written many short stories and sketches. He is a charming *causeur*, clever enough to chat about nothing at all, but such a trick can be repeated too often; it looks like juggler's work and grows tiresome. Yet the lesser works cannot blur the clear and fine impressions left by the really beautiful books. Louis Couperus has acquired in Dutch literature a place of his own; it is in the very first rank, and I dare say that even in the world's literature of to-day I do not see a crowd where he stands.

* * * * *

Flemish Belgium, and especially Antwerp, has commemorated the centenary of the most popular of its poets, Jan van Beers (1821-1888), and something will remain of it; Dr. Paul Buschmann (the curator of the Royal Picture Gallery of Antwerp), the poet's grandson and his friend, J. E. Buschmann (the famous printer), collected all the poems and made a fine, imposing volume of them. Maurits Sabbe, our best Flemish story-teller, gave an introductory biographical notice of great value.

Jan van Beers was born in that typical Antwerp middle-class : free-spoken and independent, *frondeur*, liberal in thoughts, patriotic of sentiments, and cosmopolitan in knowledge and interests.

An author in Belgium, and above all a poet, could not hope to live by his pen, unless as a journalist, and so he has to choose a profession. Authors hardly ever go on the Press ; most of them manage to get an appointment as ministerial, provincial or municipal functionaries ; those who completed their studies at normal school or college become teacher or professor. Study and work were always—and still are—harder in Belgium than anywhere else, so that little time is left for literature. That is not a calamity when we consider the heap of literary rubbish that is all the same produced ; but for the good authors it is painful and humiliating to receive hardly any royalties for their works, nay, to have to procure a sufficient number of subscribers to reimburse the costs of printing and publishing.

Jan van Beers was successively a teacher at Malines, assistant librarian at Antwerp, and professor at the so-called " Royal Atheneum " (*i.e.*, a high secondary school preparatory to the university). He was some time municipal councillor of his native town. A rather quiet, uneventful life. The poet Van Beers was rather precocious, and as he struck at once the sentimental note and wrote a purer language than was generally done in Flanders at that time he became soon popular and widely read, and was hailed by the Press as a great poet. His first book of poetry, *Jongelingsdroomen* (" Dreams of Youth "), is, of course, full of love-poetry, but so weak and sad and passionless, so teeming with melancholic tears and sighs, that it has become quite unreadable. It was an outcome of his own state of mind, and also, as Dr. Sabbe remembers, of the eager reading of Young's *Night-thoughts*. Yet the book is not without value ; sincerity of feeling and expression is its basis, the language is generally pure and often firm, and here and there we meet with a tuneful verse. The romantic narratives are as good and as bad as the rest. There was a time that they were regularly taught at school and recited at festivals. I had to learn some of them as a boy, but never heard them again these last twenty-five years. I do not complain about it. Those narratives are hypersentimental, and, although the poet is sincere, the feelings of the personages and the dialogue are unreal, and the more so as the poems are evidently reflections of the democratic ideas spread over Europe by the French sociological poems and novels of the 'forties. In the following volumes, *Levensbeelden* (" Images of Life ") and *Gevoel en Leven* (" Sentiment and Life "), we feel a firmer grip in some poems, as well as a nearer approach to reality ; the blubbery sentimentality of former years is gone. The narrative poems of *De Bestedeling* (" The Almsboy ") and *Begga* are the best specimens of Jan van Beer's later writings, and have an unmistakable literary value. Some scenes of them are evoked with a humour and exactness of detail worthy of Teniers and Breughel ; and there the personages are real in speech and action. Among his last poems, *De Stoomwagen* (" The Locomotive ") and *De Corlog* (" The War ") are still very impressive, and may be considered as masterpieces of popular poetry.

It is a duty to remember that this rather weak-hearted poet was a powerful orator and a captivating lecturer who did a lot to increase the number of the Flemish reading public. He was also the author of a good, though now obsolete, grammar of the Dutch language, and of a series of excellent anthologies of Dutch and Flemish literature for school and home.

* * * * *

When I spoke of the position of Belgian authors from a practical point of view I not only had in mind Jan van Beers, who became a teacher, but also another subject (the last) of this letter, M. Charles Bernard. This very cultivated, high-minded man is one of our cleverest and wittiest French-writing journalists and art critics. But he is

more than that: he is every inch an artist and a poet, and proves it whenever opportunity offers. His books and studies on some early Flemish and Italian painters are standard works. M. Bernard was sent out for his daily, last year, in the train of the King and Queen of the Belgians on their triumphant tour through Brazil. He sent a series of remarkable letters to *La Nation Belge*. Leaving out all that was pure correspondent's work, he gathered his notes and impressions, and gave us not only a very interesting little book on Brazil, but a spotless literary work of irresistible charm.

It is said that the inhabitants of Atlantis were powerful gigantic creatures, and when M. Charles Bernard entered Rio de Janeiro by steamer he had the vivid sensation that those legendary giants were lying there by the Atlantic Ocean, sleeping their eternal sleep. That is why, I suppose, he called his book *Où dorment les Atlantes* (Editions du Dauphin, Meir, 75, Antwerp). The author set himself a very high task for which all his rare gifts were not too many: to make a book which is not a Baedeker, not even a traveller's account or a topography of a part of Brazil, but a collection of impressions and information recorded by an artist who is a fond lover of Nature and possessing a mind open to what a young people's genius was able to do in hardly a score of years. M. Bernard had, of course, to follow the traced itinerary; yet more than once he took the opportunity to make excursions off the royal road. To these latter we owe at least two chapters which are the best of the work from a literary point of view: the one, impressionistic, describes an old, nearly deserted town, Ouro Preto (*i.e.*, Black Gold); the other, *Dans les Iles*, a lively, coloured description of a visit with some young ladies to the islet Paqueta. The arrival at the islet has inspired the author with some pages of brilliant beauty worthy of Mr. Joseph Conrad.

Good books of travel and geography are at all times welcome, and when they have at the same time such lasting literary merits as M. Bernard's they are most excellent reading.

LEO VAN RIEL

CHRONICLES

THE FINE ARTS

PAINTINGS AND WATER-COLOURS BY C. R. W.
NEVINSON. The Leicester Galleries

IT is a common experience on emerging from a picture gallery to find our sensitiveness to colours and forms intensified, not in a general manner, but in the particular direction of the artists whose paintings have impressed us most. We see the outer world through the medium of the pictures, and we see fragments of the pictures built up into the outer world. The impressions which we carry away with us from pictures survive long after we have forgotten all details of their origin, and they often recompose themselves in country scenery as our own peculiar vision without our being conscious of the fact that they are the reawakening *motifs* of great pictures. In fact, we often become so enthusiastic that we set Nature over against pictures in strong disparagement of the latter ; for we get so much more pleasure from Nature ! The two, of course, cannot in reality be divorced, and it is the great landscape painters who have taught us to love the colours and forms of natural scenery with our modern vividness. They have, in fact, literally taught us to see. And this we would realise if we tried to record, and succeeded in recording with brush and paint, the scenes which delighted us. They would be found to be echoes, delightful enough in country rambles, but unsatisfactory as original achievements permanently on view. If, in spite of an uneasy dissatisfaction, we were to persist in attempting to make our productions more effective, we should start the work of tampering and distortion, which too frequently produces an illusion of cleverness and novelty, but is without any real inspiration. It is, however, quite intelligible, although it is none the less to be deplored, that shallow and unsubstantial derivations should tend to attract greater immediate popularity than the profounder and better work. They do not require much effort, because the effort has already been made in the past, and so the public enjoys gaily and lightly to-day the slender recompositions of those classics which the hard and passionate effort of the past has made part of our subconscious heritage. As time proceeds this heritage becomes ever richer and more varied, and the possibilities of successful imposition and plagiarism increase proportionately. We live to-day in a giddy whirl of quick change pastiche and versatile counterfeit. We dislike Academicians because they are not sufficiently chameleon ; they pound away at one restricted stunt, but we like revues. Mr. Nevinson denounces somewhat late in the day the cult for novelty, but he is himself infected by what is really the same thing in another form, the cult for variety. His pictures are rather dull taken singly, but *en masse* they get a certain novelty by reason of their difference. It is as though we were suddenly to find a fresh centre of interest in the Academy in the reflection that all the differing pictures had actually been painted by the same artist. Mr. Nevinson is not an Academician, but he is a miniature academy.

It would be good to be able to take Mr. Nevinson at his own valuation, which is also that placed upon him by many of his admirers, for we should regard him as an artist possessing a fine catholic point of view and a wonderful fertility of imagination : a big-hearted genius of too-many-sided a temperament to fit into any of the contemporary restricted artistic and intellectualist cliques. This is what we are led to expect, and if, in all honesty, some of us are thoroughly disappointed, it is important that we

should candidly say so. I fail to see in Mr. Nevinson's pictures very much more than a capacity for clear popular exposition of ideas which others have thought out. He is a text-book painter, competent in more than one subject. His versatility is undeniable. But versatility is neither strength nor fertility of imagination; it is simply a manifold susceptibility and power of application and adaptation; it does not involve any creative power of the imagination. In none of the pictures in this exhibition is there any real research or individual emotion. There are broad general effects which startle our attention for a moment, but vanish almost immediately upon closer and longer scrutiny—the elongation of skyscrapers (already overdone by Pennell), the sudden angularity of buildings (Post-Impressionism), the marmoreal transparency of the sea, umbrellas across a bridge and rain striking down in sharp lines (Japanese), the green tranquillity of an English landscape (Barker and Stark), and so on. The most recent additions to the repertory are, I think, Matisse and Marchand. *A Paris Window* and *From a Houseboat* are Matisse without his piquancy, while *Portrait of a Poet* and *Head of a Girl* are a mixture of Marchand and Matisse and Modigliani, complacently devitalised in the process.

What there is in addition to this receptive capacity is a decadence, a disfigurement. There is traceable in all Mr. Nevinson's work a tinge of vulgarity. He exaggerates his effects just as some auctioneers exaggerate the qualities of their goods, and he infuses into them a certain coarse sentimentality. In the Whistlerian evening study, *Hyde Park*, this is particularly evident. There is the Whistlerian setting unlovingly employed, and protruding brutally through the mist is an insensitive depiction of spooning couples. There is not the slightest objection to the subject, everything depends on the description, and Mr. Nevinson simply photographs the maudlin mood. He indulges in a photography of tainted emotions. Another very definite instance of this is the drawing of the *Head of a Factory Girl*. The crude facial gesture is caught admirably true to life, but the drawing is itself the forced and untrue mood and not a description of it, and so it is a bit vulgar. (This, of course, has nothing to do with the factory girl as such in real life.) Mr. Nevinson states that he hopes that his pictures make it clear that he paints what he loves. It appears that he must purify his loves.

PUBLICATIONS

SOME ASPECTS OF ART EDUCATION. Published under the auspices of the National Society of Art Masters. With a Foreword by SIR JAMES YOXALL. Unwin. 5s.

THIS is a collection of essays by various members of the National Society of Art Masters. The writers are all inspired with the ideal of improving the standard of taste in the innumerable objects of industrial art which surround us, and their essays gain, so to speak, a political glamour from the manifest importance of their subject and purpose. In themselves the essays are not very conspicuous. They indulge rather too much in general reflections about the importance of art in civic and industrial life and in education, and do not sufficiently grapple with the concrete problems of the present situation, and they give practically no idea of the real taste of the writers, which may be simply that of "arts and crafts" and "Golders Green." If æsthetic education is going to become a part of the curriculum of every school it is important to have a clear idea as to the basic principles to be followed, and it would be most valuable to have some precise and accurate information as to the results so far achieved. The essays certainly give occasional hints which may prove of practical utility, especially the essays on "Instruction in the Secondary Schools" and "Art School Libraries." But on the whole the writers are too conscious of writing an essay and therefore too pontifical and too little matter-of-fact.

At the same time, the book affords another welcome sign of a more general awakening to the ugliness of the surroundings which we have inherited from the nineteenth century and of the inestimable value of beautiful surroundings. The industrial revolution swept the nineteenth century off its feet. Everything was sacrificed to the new game of scientific manufacture by machinery, and nothing was taken seriously except a machine or a large output. It would have been better if decoration had been reduced to the bare minimum, but unfortunately it survived as a florid and sententious reminiscence, and so we suffer without much hope of alleviation for the ugly souls of the prolific Victorian builders.

But a great deal can be done in the improvement of all the less permanent objects of industrial art, such as electric-light fittings, gas stoves, wallpapers, mantelpieces, carpets, shop fronts, and also pictures ; that is to say, if we really want the improvement and by wanting it very badly can attain it. We must not hope for too much from education, and if we try to instil hard-and-fast laws of proportion and colour harmony, and so on, as two of the writers of these essays appear to propose that we should, the last state will be worse than the first. Instead of free vulgarity with flashes of beauty we shall get restricted pedantry. But because pictorial and decorative art could be taught with even worse results than are now obtained by imparting irrelevant information about Latin and Greek poetry, that is no reason why the attempt should not be made to teach them properly. And it is already being made, not in our public schools, but in some of the secondary and elementary schools !

MODERN PAINTINGS. No. 1, THE WORK OF LAURA AND HAROLD KNIGHT ; No. 2, THE WORK OF DE LASZLO ; No. 3, THE WORK OF CAMPBELL TAYLOR ; No. 4, THE WORK OF ARNESBY BROWN. *The Studio*. 7s. 6d. each volume.

NONE of these artists will have, in my opinion, a permanent position in English painting, although Arnesby Brown may be somewhere near the border-line and last longer than the others. But, with the exception of de Laszlo, it is intelligible that they should have enjoyed a vogue which will continue for some time to come. They undoubtedly possess a healthy surface bloom which exerts an immediate attraction, although familiarity reveals a lack of the finer and more originaive qualities. De Laszlo's popularity and reputation, however, are to me unintelligible. He is so repulsively meretricious, so patently saccharine. He simply repeats over and over again the adjectives, nice and pretty and soft, and seems confident that a host of associations and desires will straightway surge up in us, blinding us to the hollowness of his statement. Yet he is ablaze with medals won all over Europe, and our own aristocracy appears to regard him as a sort of modern Van Dyck !

The volumes are rather too big and a good deal of paper is wasted, but the reproductions, which are in colour, are, on the whole, excellent. Laura Knight's bright, sunny paintings lend themselves very well to colour reproduction, and the cool, limpid colours of Arnesby Brown's wind-strewn landscapes planted with stolid cattle are given almost their full value.

HOWARD HANNAY

DRAMA

CHRISTOPHER SLY	NEW
CHAUVE-SOURIS	APOLLO
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING	" OLD VIC."
RICHARD II	" OLD VIC."

IT is interesting to see that Mr. Matheson Lang has scored a popular success with the play *Christopher Sly*—which is an adaptation of an Italian play by Giovacchino Forzano—since the play has really only one part, that of Christopher Sly, and ends tragically with the suicide of the hero. In making a new play out of Shakespeare's Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew* Signor Forzano was doing what most dramatic authors ought to do, *i.e.*, steal their plots from the works of dead dramatists instead of trying to invent them out of their own heads. Shakespeare could have no cause to grumble at Signor Forzano's doing what he himself had done. It will be remembered that in *The Taming of the Shrew* Christopher Sly is a drunken tinker who is found sleeping before an alehouse by a lord returning from hunting. The lord suddenly has the idea of playing a practical joke on Sly by having him carried to his house, conveyed to bed " wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers," and sitting attendants by his side to persuade him when he wakes that he is no beggar but a lord. This is the situation out of which the Italian dramatist makes his play, and he follows Shakespeare closely. In the first act he makes a lord and his lady witness Sly's carousal in an inn, and when he is in a drunken slumber he has him removed; he departs from Shakespeare in making Sly a vagabond poet, thus introducing a touch of picaresque sentiment, but even this is probably suggested by Sly's, " Y'are a baggage ; the Slies are no rogues : Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore *paucas pallabris* ; let the world slide : *Sessa !* " In introducing the lord's mistress into the first scene as sympathetic to Sly and an unwilling spectator of the trick to be played on him he improves on the original idea and prepares for the ensuing tragedy. Unfortunately this first scene is not at all well written. It is the rollicking tavern scene on conventional lines which one has known so many times on the stage and which always falls flat. The best drinking bout scene that I can remember is in Moussorgsky's opera *Boris Godounov*, the libretto of which is taken from a drama by the great Russian poet Poushkin. Nothing is harder to simulate than infectious joviality. The spectacle of men trying to work themselves up into a state of jollity is the most depressing thing on this earth, and it is a fundamental dramatic mistake to give us on the stage a scene of which that is the keynote. In *Twelfth Night* Shakespeare is careful to make both Sir Andrew and Sir Toby already drunk at the beginning of the scene. There is humour in a drunken man, but there is no humour in seeing a sober man desperately trying to get drunk.

For the first part of the second act the Italian dramatist followed Shakespeare very closely, and gets a remarkably good effect by merely having enacted the instructions given to his servant by the lord in *The Taming of the Shrew* in the following speech :

Then take him up, and manage well the jest :—
 Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
 And hang it round with all my wanton pictures :
 Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
 And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet :

Procure me music ready when he wakes,
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;
 And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
 And, with a low submissive reverence,
 Say—What is it your honour will command ?
 Let one attend him with a silver bason,
 Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers ;
 Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
 And say—Will't please your lordship cool your hands ?
 Some one be ready with a costly suit,
 And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
 And that his lady mourns at his decease :
 Persuade him that he hath been lunatick ;
 And, when he says he is—say that he dreams,
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

Anyone can judge from reading this speech that it is excellent material for acting, and Mr. Matheson Lang is exceedingly effective in this scene. The tragedy now arises because the lord's mistress, who is brought to Christopher Sly as his wife, falls in love with Sly and he with her. Suddenly the moment comes for the revelation to be made, and Sly is confronted with the whole court mocking him in loud laughter. He is now put into a cellar in the Castle and told that, in return for the amusement he has given the lord, he may drink his fill before leaving. His old clothes in a bundle are tossed in after him. Sly, thinking that the woman has been simply mocking him like the rest of them, breaks a bottle and severs an artery in his wrist. The lord's mistress, determining to go away with Sly, comes into the cellar, but, seeing the broken bottle and hearing Sly declaiming his monologue, thinks he is drunk. Presently she realises that he is dying, and with his death the curtain falls.

Now it is obvious that here is material for a fine tragedy. The play is full of excellent situations, and all the business up to the revelation of the deceit is very well done. But the moment that something more than mere craftsmanship is needed Signor Forzano and his English adapter, Mr. Cotterill, are completely at a loss. The scenes between Sly and the lord's mistress cry aloud for a Shakespeare. Only a real dramatic poet, a master of words, could really handle them. Imagine what that monologue of Sly's, as he sat disillusioned in the cellar, might have been had it come from the pen of a Marlowe or a Shakespeare or even a Ben Jonson. Imagine, too, the speech with which the lord's mistress could address Sly when she discovered that he was not drunk but dying ! As it is, we are given some pedestrian language hopelessly inadequate to the situation, and the play fizzles out. It is, however, noteworthy that such a play should have proved successful in the West End. This success is largely due to the fine acting of Mr. Matheson Lang, who has never done anything better. The lord's mistress was played by Miss Florence Saunders, who is a recruit to the West End from the "Old Vic." Shakespeare Company, where she has done remarkably good work. She has not much to do in *Christopher Sly*, but she does it effectively.

It is interesting to find that the company of the Theatre de la Chauve-Souris, Moscow, has moved from the London Pavilion to the Apollo Theatre to make room for a new revue described as *Fun of the Fayre*. There could be no question of the Chauve-Souris Company being a failure, for everything they do, even when it is not original, is done better than London has seen it done before. Unfortunately their show started when many people who would have liked it were out of town. The ordinary public which frequents the Pavilion is scarcely likely to appreciate the highly-finished art of these Russians. However, Mr. Cochran tells them that in *Fun of the Fayre* they are going to see "the most beautiful girl in the world," and they believe him ! M. Balieff's company give what

is, strictly speaking, a variety entertainment in which there are tableaux-vivants, Russian songs of sentiment, Russian dances, Russian choruses, burlesques of soldiers and of grand Italian opera.

One of the best of these turns was an old Russian polka *Katinka*, which it is impossible to describe. *The Sudden Death of a Horse, or the Greatness of the Russian Soul*, a dramatic incident by Tchekhov, was an ironic little play delightfully performed in dumb show, with designs by Remisov. Another excellent feature was the *Chorus of the Zaitzeff Brothers*, which is supposed to reproduce a typical Moscow group of old time—joyful wastrels who drown their sorrows in a once well-known saloon. Not the least effective parts of the show are the staccato utterances and gloomy grimaces of M. Balieff as he comes before the curtain to announce each item. The *Chauve-Souris* is an entertainment which should on no account be missed.

The "Old Vic." opened its new season with *Much Ado About Nothing*. It was noticeable that one striking improvement had been made in the auditorium, namely, that the orchestra had been sunk below the level of the stage, so that the switching on and off of lights on the players' desks could no longer ruin the lighting effects on the stage, as they had so often done in the past, particularly in such plays as *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. There were some new costumes and some new scenery. The performance was remarkable for its Dogberry (Mr. Andrew Leigh) and its Verges (Mr. D. Hay Petrie). These two parts were played with great restraint and effectiveness, whereas they generally tend to degenerate into clowning. Mr. Wilfred Walter must also be praised by a fine Leonato, and Mr. Austin Trevor's Don John proved that he is coming on rapidly. Mr. Robert Atkin's production was in every way praiseworthy.

The performance of *Richard II*, which followed *Much Ado About Nothing* at the "Old Vic.," was chiefly remarkable for Mr. Ernest Milton's acting as King Richard. Mr. Milton has many defects. He tends to become inaudible, and he has a trick of drawing out his words in a meaningless and unpleasant manner; he has, however, real imagination and can rise to considerable heights. Nothing could easily be finer than his playing in the scene where Richard surrenders to Henry Bolingbroke and in the later scene of his abdication. Many critics have grown rhapsodical about Shakespeare's masterly character drawing shown in the portrait of King Richard, and Mr. Milton did full justice to the wonderful lines he had to deliver. Mr. Rupert Harvey's Bolingbroke was also a fine performance.

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It is good to learn that Norwich has opened a playhouse called the Maddermarket Theatre, which is the first building in England since the Commonwealth definitely constructed with an "apron" stage and gallery, so that Shakespeare can be given upon the stage for which he wrote. The theatre is under the direction of Mr. Nugent Monck, and the Norwich Players opened with *As You Like It*. They hope to produce during the season Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Euripides' *Electra*, and other plays.

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The Phœnix Society opens its season on November 6th and 8th with Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Maid's Tragedy*.

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On Wednesday, November 23rd, in the Cripplegate Institute, at 7.30 p.m., the Globe Players—a girls' dramatic club—will perform *The Rehearsal*, by the Hon. Maurice Baring, and *Nell Gwynne*, by Douglas Jerrold. Tickets for this production (the club's third) can be obtained from the Secretary, 138 Earlham Grove, E.7.

W. J. TURNER

MUSIC

PERFORMANCES

THERE are few English song-writers, one supposes, who would not willingly have Mr. John Coates stand as sponsor for their settings, and it is fair, therefore, to appreciate through his interpretations the value of the songs he sings. An exception may perhaps here and there be found in which the presentation is inferior to the song itself, but, generally speaking, his sincere artistry will cause one to over-estimate rather than under-estimate the new songs he introduces.

At the Chelsea Town Hall on September 29th he gave the second of his series of English song recitals, dividing it into four groups of five songs each, which represented in all twenty contemporary composers. It would be superfluous here to insist on the immense value of Mr. Coates's enterprise, for his generous enthusiasm is a known thing, which, though it may contain elements of false prophecy, has a very wide artistic influence. That such a recital would not be a complete success was, of course, certain—you are unlikely to sing twenty English songs, half of them new, without hitting on something too sentimental or too cerebral—but it was justified if it but showed, from *To Gratiana Dancing and Singing* and from *There is No More to Say*, what a loss English art suffered through the death of Denis Browne and what great potentialities there are in Owen Mase. These two songs, both still in MS., were the most memorable of all the evening's, though the merits of the first were already known from Mr. Steuart Wilson's singing of it at one of his recitals last season. The richly rhythmical chords of Denis Browne's accompaniment are extraordinarily good, and the song proceeds with majesty to a fine end. Owen Mase's work was sung for the first time by Mr. Coates, and the impression it made was immediate. He has taken one of Bliss Carmen's *Sappho Lyrics*, and made of it a song of most original beauty. The whole picture is there without false or superfluous notes: the song, in fact, has genius. In the other songs performed for the first time there was nothing to approach these two, though several were pleasing enough. Walter Whittaker's *Diaphenia* has irresistible jollity: in it the accompaniment, words, and singer were most delightfully at one. It is extremely good fun. Scott-Baker's *O Mistress Mine* is not distinctive; even in the beaten track it appears to find a few pitfalls. Felix White's *The Theft* and Eric Fogg's *Broken Tryst* are excellent examples of that talent which finds its outlet in cerebral extravagance; they are a little more than merely clever, but their charm is superficial. J. W. G. Hathaway's setting of Henley's *Bring Her Again* caught the movement but missed the passion of the verse, while of Jervis-Read's *Caprice* almost the opposite might be said. And Havergal Brian's *Lady Ellayne* is just a good song for Mr. Coates.

Those singers whose musical sense is in advance of their technical means cause a certain difficulty in the formation of a judgment upon the songs they sing; for while what they introduce will merit consideration, it is not always easy to disentangle the essential work from its diluted presentation. Now one of these singers is Mr. Steuart Wilson, who gave a song-recital at the Æolian Hall on October 4th. He has many admirable qualities, first of which is his engaging unaffectedness, but to omit reference to a lack of variety in his tone and manner and to a tendency to slip from the pitch would be unjustly to wrong the songs he brought. The new songs that I heard him in were John Ireland's cycle, *The Land of Lost Content*, Rebecca Clarke's *Infant Joy* and *Down by the Salley Gardens*, Vaughan-Williams's triple roundel by Chaucer (set for voice and string trio), *Merciles Beautee*, and *Four Elizabethan*

Songs of R. O. Morris. It is remarkable that Ireland has not before allied himself with "the cheerful Shropshire lad," for his taste in better things, in which, admittedly, he has achieved some fine work, must sooner or later have led him to Housman. If it had to come, then it is good that it is over. As a cycle it is true that it suffered from the monotony of its interpretation, but, apart from that, it was the philosophy without the poetry that came to us in these six songs. Only in the first, *The Lent Lily* (which, incidentally, was sung with exquisite sensitiveness), was poetic beauty reflected. *The Encounter* was possibly the worst, and made one wonder whether the tread of soldiers is at all a possible subject for musical representation, so unreal was the super rifle-step in the accompaniment. Because the chances were not all against Ireland's doing well with Housman, this cycle is a disappointment. Vaughan-Williams and Butterworth remain where they were. Of Rebecca Clarke's two songs the second is the better set, Blake's words in the first raising almost insuperable difficulties, but in both her individuality is rather gropingly expressed. It was with surprised satisfaction that one listened to R. O. Morris's settings of three Campion songs and one anonymous of the same period, for his bold experiment quite excluded thoughts of successful contemporary settings of the verse. They are fastidiously and delicately done, with beautifully easy rhythm and uncommon attention to verbal detail. There are both excellent laying-out of the parts and melodic writing in Vaughan-Williams's *Merciles Beautee*, which was sung with natural effect by Mr. Wilson. In the third, *Since I from Love*, both composer and singer attained unusual heights of humour.

PUBLICATIONS

MADAME NOY. By ARTHUR BLISS. Chester. 4s.

TALIESSIN'S SONG; AND THREE DRAMATIC SONGS. By JOSEF HOLBROOKE. Novello. 2s. 6d. and 4s.

QUARTET No. 2. By GERRARD WILLIAMS. Curwen. 5s.

THREE SONGS. By JOSEF HOLBROOKE. Enoch. 4s.

THREE SONGS. By ARNOLD BAX. Enoch. 4s.

FIAMETTA SINGING. By JULIUS HARRISON. Enoch. 2s.

BEAUTY. By EASTHOPE MARTIN. Enoch. 2s.

NORTH COUNTRIE BALLADS, SONGS, AND PIPE-TUNES. Edited and Arranged by W. G. WHITTAKER. Parts I and II. Curwen. 6s. each.

"MADAME NOY," which Arthur Bliss originally set for soprano voice, flute, clarinet, bassoon, harp, viola, and bass, and which he has here arranged for voice and pianoforte, has already obtained more popularity than it is really worth. For the most part it is quite good fooling, but already its more obvious tricks, which were apparent when first it was performed, have begun to impair the freshness of the general conception, and it is now chiefly notable, I think, for the testimony it gives to the possession of that whimsical hilarity of which Mr. Bliss has since made vital use. His later work, in short, has made *Madame Noy* musically insignificant.

Mr. Holbrooke is perhaps the most unequal song-composer now writing. Into *Taliessin's Song*, the words of which are by "T. E. Ellis," he introduces poetic ideas only to allow them to simmer away in *clichés* or else to subserve incomprehensible distortions of the text. His capability as an instrumental writer is manifest nearly everywhere, but particularly in the third of his *Dramatic Songs: Come Not when I am Dead*. This song has a most striking accompaniment, but I can find little connection between it and the words. His setting of John Freeman's *Music Comes*

is, on the other hand, good ; in the accompaniment which is made for string quartet and pianoforte there is beautiful work, but his whole conception of the poem is great, and, what matters most, is greatly sustained. And yet in Ralph Hodgson's *The Bells of Heaven* there is a most violent freakishness that sits ill with the tenderer feeling of the text.

The second *Quartet* of Gerrard Williams is the best of his instrumental works that I have so far seen. As might be expected, there is a perfect attention to detail, the way in which phrases are handed from one instrument to another being especially fine, but, in addition, all its four movements have notable themes ; and there is no superfluous matter at all. This work does not aim, except possibly in the last movement, at novel effects ; its devices, being mostly derived from Debussy, are in no way new ; but one has merely to compare it with a recent similar work by Kreisler to see that, though the two quartets are equally well finished, the one has much significance and the other none whatever. The third movement in particular has a very beautiful theme, and the whole work should certainly receive an early performance.

Mr. Bax's *Three Songs* contain two of his best known, *Far in a Western Brookland*, the most poetic of all his songs, and *When I was One-and-Twenty*. Of the beauty of the first one can never tire, so exquisitely interwoven are the winding, haunting melody and the delicately-traced accompaniment. The other song, *A Lullaby*, is not so original, and is weighed down by inferior words.

Julius Harrison's setting of a Boccaccio sonnet has many deft pictorial touches, but it scarcely makes a consistent song : one doubts indeed whether this sonnet, with its unharnessable final line, can be set as a whole. That the composer should have succeeded as well as he has done speaks much for his ingenuity.

The popularity of Easthope Martin's songs may or may not be comprehensible, but why he should stray from the broad path of the ballad to the more dangerous by-ways of the "art-song" is indeed hard to explain. Here John Masefield's lines have been set (for the hundredth time maybe), with their rhythm stretched, their colours painted, and their sentiment daubed. In such an act there is not even the supposed merit of giving the public what it desires.

W. G. Whittaker has edited and arranged his two volumes "for use in home and school," but quite apart from the educational purpose which they are admirably adapted to fulfil, his work has been done with such authority and discretion as to make it indispensable to all students of folk-song. His accompaniments are made simply, yet with infinite variety ; whether the tune be a chortlingly fine one like *Elsie Marley* or a deeply pathetic one like *Bonny at Morn*, the support to the voice is given alike with extreme economy and justness. A very wise feature of his work is the provision of alternative accompaniments to those tunes for which the verses are very numerous. This collection, though not yet complete, should become the standard one, and it is much to be hoped that those ballads, songs, and pipe-tunes which the Editor has had to omit here will soon be published in a supplementary volume.

KENNETH WILLIAMS

FICTION

- TO LET. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Heinemann. 7s.
 AN ENTHUSIAST. By E. C. SOMERVILLE. Longmans. 7s. 6d.
 THE LOST LAWYER. By G. A. BIRMINGHAM. Methuen. 7s. 6d.
 THE RED KNIGHT. By F. BRETT YOUNG. Collins. 7s. 6d.
 ANTONIA. By VIOLA MEYNELL. Secker. 8s. 6d.
 ROSE AND ROSE. By E. V. LUCAS. Methuen. 6s.
 GENERAL BRAMBLE. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Lane. 6s.

IF Mr. Galsworthy had not prefaced his story with a categorical statement to that effect, it would have occurred to no one to suppose that what he calls "the Forsyte Saga" was really at last at an end. For the matrimonial affairs of that complicated family continue to be haunted by bad luck. *To Let* ends with a clearly ill-advised marriage; and the stage is well set for a sequel in which the affairs of Fleur and Jon and Michael Mont may, perhaps tragically, adjust themselves. The most obvious reason for a temporary abandonment of the "saga" is that it has now been carried into the year 1921; but it is not easy to believe in anything more than a temporary abandonment.

The reader will probably remember that there was a breach in the Forsyte cohesion. Irene, after the death of her lover, left her husband, Soames; and many years afterwards Soames brought an action against her for divorce, naming young Jolyon as the co-respondent. This book deals with an unfortunate love-affair between the children of the second marriages of Irene and Soames—Jon, Irene's son, and Fleur, Soames's daughter. In some ways it is the best book Mr. Galsworthy has published since *Five Tales*. Soames, grown old, is as wonderful as he was in *The Man of Property*, and is here, without any inconsistency, more sympathetically treated. Young Jolyon, also grown old, is a complete and rounded figure. Irene and June and the admirable George have aged, but are still the same persons. Mr. Galsworthy must know far more about the Forsytes than he has ever disclosed to the public: he could not have conducted them through their long lives with so much verisimilitude if he had not acquainted himself with all their actions and every corner of their natures. But Fleur and Jon are perhaps too young for him to know very well yet: they are, at all events, among his failures. It is a curious thing, but Mr. Galsworthy seems to be at his best with "unsympathetic" characters: they, possibly, offer the best material for his lucid, rather dry, rather distant style to work on. He does not treat them unsympathetically. On the contrary, he shows us what is to be said for them, what are their sorrows, how their vices are created by inevitable limitations of their natures. He paints for us persons whom we dislike when we consider only their actions; but for whom, when the springs of these actions are understood, we feel pity and a sort of affection. The more fortunate, who attract liking and who are generous without effort, do not call out his best powers. It interests him more, if the point may be crudely put, to show what is good in his villains than what is evil in his heroes. Soames is a far more solid figure than either of the Jolyons. Jon and Fleur, the young lovers, to whom the sympathies of both author and reader go out as if by right, hardly do more than begin to exist. Fleur, the more mixed of the two, is the more vivid of the two; but on both of them Mr. Galsworthy lavishes more sentiment than understanding.

Miss Somerville and Mr. Birmingham have written books which run curiously parallel. Both treat the subject of Sinn Fein. Both aim at an undeviating impartiality. Miss Somerville's hero denounces the activities of the "murder-gang," deplores the British government of Ireland, and endeavours to introduce new methods into Irish agriculture. Mr. Birmingham's hero curses both sides roundly because their squabbles prevent the departure of a train which he must take to keep a business engagement in England. Miss Somerville's hero is looked at obliquely by both sides: when Mr. Birmingham's hero disappears both sides are suspected of kidnapping him. Miss Somerville's hero is killed in a skirmish round a country-house: Mr. Birmingham's hero makes his journey after all and obtains his contract. Of course, Mr. Birmingham has written a light and amusing story in his own particular vein of humour, which sometimes runs thin but never runs quite dry, and it is not necessary to say more of it. But it is interesting to compare the two books because, in their two so different ways, they make the same attempt at impartiality.

Miss Somerville's Dan Palliser is a young Irish landowner who has fought in the war and, even if he had no other motives, would not now fire on the uniform he has once worn. But he has other motives for neutrality. He believes that the cure for Irish evils lies in efficiency and prosperity; and he enters on a hopeless crusade against the backwardness and corruption of a whole countryside. He is involved in other woes and perishes at last, killed by the people he has come to protect because they believe he has come, instead, to attack them—a symbolical conclusion, though superficially accidental. His is the tragedy of the man caught between two fierce parties with his eyes fixed on a goal desired by neither. The situation and its working-out are convincing; and yet I am not convinced that Miss Somerville's business is to comment on politics, however unavoidable it may seem to anyone who cares for Ireland. Certainly the things in the book which give most pleasure are the phrases for which Miss Somerville and her collaborator, "Martin Ross," were ever famous. There is the fat man who talks "in a high, slow, pompous and wheezy tenor that, did a turbot possess the gift of speech, would seem to be the voice suitable to its face and figure." And there is Miss Katie de Vere, whose dictum, "*I always say that no one has a right to call himself a gardener unless he's prepared—when he's pricking out seedlings, for example—to hold a slug in his mouth until he has a spare moment to squash it,*" deserves to be noted. This is what one asks of Miss Somerville. But the impartial person who sees what is to be said for both sides, and writes a novel about it, when the destinies of nations are being settled inevitably without appeal to pure reason, may have eternal truth behind him, but can hardly help looking a little futile.

Mr. Brett Young's novel also has a political foundation; but his politics make the material of the story, not a basis for argument. Robert Bryden's father was a crusading mid-Victorian Englishman, who assisted in the liberation of Trinacria and married a Trinacrian wife. With this blood in him, the young man has both liberal and Trinacrian sympathies; and when revolution breaks out in his mother's country, when his former friend, Massa, becomes Dictator, he runs the blockade established by the Powers to take a hand in the affair which so strongly calls to him. The story of his adventures in revolutionary Trinacria is Mr. Brett Young's novel. To begin with, Bryden finds that Massa is not as he has known him in London; that he has thrown overboard together Marx and his old humanitarian ideals; and that, though he has a defence, he has done something to deserve the descriptions of him as a monster of blood which have appeared in all the newspapers of the world. Nevertheless, Bryden takes service under Massa as a secret agent, and is sent to spy on a household suspected of being the centre of a reactionary plot. He is already beginning to be shaken in his faith in Massa, and to be disgusted with his work, when he falls in love with Maddalena, the daughter of the family on which he is spying. For some time, while terrible things are happening in Trinacria, he hesitates, and before he can confess to Maddalena

his position is betrayed to her. He seeks, with partial success, to convince her of his good faith. She remembers at last that he has begged her to set him some ordeal as a proof and demands of him Massa's life. He assents, but, rather than commit this treachery, takes his own.

This brief summary of the plot illustrates at once the strength and the weakness of Mr. Brett Young's novel. The succession of moods through which Bryden passes is admirably described; and his fluctuations and hesitations and sentimentalisms are distinguished with great delicacy. And yet so weak and unstable a creature seems an unsatisfactory pivot for what is primarily a story of adventure. Bryden is shocked to find Massa's views changed, and yet, in a moment, undertakes to serve him. He drifts over on to the other side slowly and half-heartedly. He makes protestations to Maddalena of his anxiety to be useful to her; but when she makes a claim on him he kills himself to avoid keeping his promise. The book might have dealt, of course, with the tragedy of a half-hearted man, a man who is deceived into thinking that principles, not his own feelings, guide him. But Mr. Brett Young does not lay stress on this side of his theme: he does not extract the greatest amount of intensity from the agony which must have attended Bryden's vacillations. Indeed, Bryden behaves sometimes like a man drugged and dazed, making no reaction to the most tragic of situations. That is to say, the reader's fullest sympathy is not enlisted for Bryden's character in itself, while that character, if it is to remain credible, yet insists on being so much elaborated as to retard the movement of the story. Mr. Brett Young has not written so good a book as he might have done: this is a much slighter and less effective thing than *The Black Diamond*. But this is not to say that it does not stand out noticeably in contemporary fiction. Even under the handicaps with which he has burdened himself, his power of telling a story with beauty and symmetry is obvious. His poetic feeling and the atmosphere with which he contrives to surround his best scenes put him easily among the four or five of the younger novelists with whom the future of the novel plainly rests.

One would hesitate before putting Miss Meynell as yet into that restricted category; but it is clear that she is among those who are looking forwards, not among those who are looking back. She, like so many modern writers, rejects the realistic novel, the novel of ordinary manners; and, like them, in doing so she feels the need of some removed and, in the good sense, unreal setting for her stories. The classic examples of such settings are Mr. Conrad's ships at sea and his isolated and mysterious Asiatic lagoons. Here the novelist's characters are to be set free from the stream of everyday life and allowed to develop and act in an ideal manner. Miss Romer Wilson recently found such a setting in a Norwegian forest: Mr. D. H. Lawrence's last book suffered badly for the want of one. Miss Meynell's attempt and partial failure here to remove and isolate her characters gives her book a bewildering and nightmare quality. The society in which the action takes place is cosmopolitan and bizarre in the extreme, but it remains attached to the world we know: not in any society, from whatever corners of the earth its members may have been brought, do people consistently behave as Miss Meynell makes them behave here, while simultaneously they are taking trains, shopping in Paris, and sending for doctors because the wife of the concierge has a touch of pleurisy. I shall not outline the story, the love passages of Antonia Borch with Oswald Brook, and her subsequent marriage to Prince Mitrany, because I do not pretend to understand it: least of all do I understand why the marriage should be so tragic a matter, though this is clearly the point of the book. But Miss Meynell's nightmare is vivid and, in its strange way, engrossing. In the intervals of doing the most common things her characters perform extraordinary gyrations of the spirit, which, incomprehensible as they are in themselves and in their further significance, have an undeniable interest. And Miss Meynell writes both eloquently and powerfully. I quote one passage as an example of her style:

"I want you to miss nothing. And yet I've got a hard task, Antonia—it seems something greater than I can do. To make this wild passion of my life as pleasing to you as new men's casual admiring glances!"

"Ah well, if you put it in that way it sounds as if it should not be so hard."

"Hard or not, it shall be done," he said, his soul steeled with determination by the half-smiling encouragement of her manner. "Whatever power exists in man to please you, you shall have in me, not one faint pleasure missing."

The boast was so wrung from him that it gave less a suggestion of pride than of a strong cry of truth. And as she looked at him she was thrilled to know that he could indeed say anything—nothing that he could say could outvie that proud look, which turned his words to truth. His look, as she saw him then, would have justified far wilder boasts.

As a whole the book makes the effect of something far more emotional and less intellectual than the novel commonly is or perhaps should be: it is not so much the telling of a story as the expression, in almost arbitrary terms, of a mood. Whether its strangeness is due to a conscious subtlety or to an extraordinary innocence in Miss Meynell is a question not easy to answer.

Mr. Lucas in *Rose and Rose* has written what may be called his first "straight" or, possibly, "legitimate," novel; and one may be permitted to doubt whether the effort which it must have cost him was worth the trouble. Mr. Lucas is nothing if he is not the prince of digressions; and for him deliberately to pass by opportunities for digressing, as he so obviously has done here, is merely to renounce the use of his chief gift. Rose is an orphan adopted by a bachelor country doctor. He brings her up and watches over her, and, with sorrow, sees her make an unfortunate marriage. She runs away from her stiff and priggish husband. The husband brings the younger Rose to the doctor to be brought up.

Mr. Lucas would not find it easy to write uninterestingly, and he does not achieve that feat here. His wisdom and knowledge of the world are immense: his judgments on humanity are as firm and precise and unalterable as they are tolerant. His characters are well drawn and alive. But some of them, in a book by Mr. Lucas, make one a little lift one's eyebrows. There is an elderly Irish lady, one of Dr. Greville's favourite patients, to whom he goes for advice on the affairs of the two Roses. She is sharp-tongued and warm-hearted: she abuses and loves both Dr. Greville and her companion. She is witty and playfully cantankerous: she delights in making herself seem worse-natured than she is. We have met her in innumerable novels before, and, even if we are fated to meet her in innumerable novels again, Mr. Lucas, who is capable of more originality, ought not to thrust her on us. But the greatest disappointment in the book is its inexorable "straightness." Dr. Greville must have had hobbies on which he would have liked to discourse: he must have met odd persons whom he would have liked to describe. Why should he not have done so? There is, indeed, no more story in this book than there was in *Mr. Ingleside*; but here the digressions, which never got in the way of the story there, have been severely trimmed away. One has the feeling that one is being hurried down a long corridor. The proportions and the panelling both please the eye, but the locked doors which one regretfully passes take away from their effect.

M. André Maurois's second book on the British soldier naturally will not awaken the same delighted surprise as the first; but it is almost equally good. It is on the same pattern—a collection of miscellaneous stories and incidents and conversations with no uniting thread but the characters. Some of the stories and some of the remarks are admirable; but it is to be regretted that Bramble himself has receded so much into the background. The translation, which is the work of M. Jules Castier and Mr. Ronald Boswell, is beyond praise in its ease and vivacity.

E. S.

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LITERARY HISTORY AND CRITICISM

VANESSA. And her Correspondence with Jonathan Swift. The Letters Edited for the first time from the Originals, with an Introduction, by A. MARTIN FREEMAN. Selwyn & Blount. 7s. 6d.

LITERARY ESSAYS; HEART OF MAN AND OTHER PAPERS; THE TORCH AND OTHER LECTURES AND ADDRESSES; LITERARY MEMOIRS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; STUDIES OF A LITTERATEUR. By GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. Selwyn & Blount.

THE ROAMER AND OTHER POEMS. By GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. Selwyn & Blount.

IN the Preface to the first of these volumes Mr. A. Martin Freeman states that shortly after the death of Esther Vanhomrigh there was a project for publishing Swift's admonitory verse-epistle, *Cadenus and Vanessa*, and her correspondence with Swift, in one volume. That project was unrealised, and nearly two hundred years have passed without any laborious editor reviving it; indeed, the present editor reminds us that, except in Scott's edition of Swift's complete works, the Swift and Vanessa letters have never been printed consecutively, and it is only the recent emergence of the original manuscripts that has prompted the repair of so singular a negligence. The long introduction to the present collection does all that is necessary to set forth, and all that is possible to illustrate, the mystery that still clouds the painful episodes which this correspondence records or suggests. Stella has caught a much lighter beam from Swift's intermitted radiance than has ever fallen upon Vanessa; but Vanessa's poor inconstant brightness, as recovered in this correspondence, gives her the sharpness of a passionate, unhappy creature suddenly brought near—moving, speaking, pleading, reproaching, rebuked, repulsed, and quenched in grief and darkness.

Mrs. Vanhomrigh, Esther's mother, was a cousin of Anne Long, the renowned beauty, by whose agency she became acquainted with Swift. Esther—Hessy, Vanessa—was about twenty, a girl of character, with moods and an intelligence such as we have been taught to believe are purely modern and hard-won. She met Swift—"here was someone worth listening to, someone who was not merely funny or merely clever, but witty, entertaining, full of the knowledge of affairs and of men, of the wisdom of books; here, in fact, was the ideal friend and teacher. And to Swift it would appear that he had met a child—almost a child, at least—who was crying out for his guidance. This undeveloped girl—this moody, impatient, interesting and interested questioner should not be passed by." Innocent and kind are the first passages with "Little Misessy" and "Misheskinage." "I will tell you a thousand secrets provided you will have no quarrels to me," writes Swift; and Vanessa, replying to another letter, "Now you are good beyond expression in sending me that dear voluntary from St. Albans." But the first simplicity passes as the months and then the years pass. Vanessa seems to have paid Swift an unadvised visit at Wantage, and the letters that followed reveal the painfulness of suppression. "You can't but know that your frowns make my life insupportable . . . I have a nobler soul than sit struggling with misfortunes, when at the end I can't promise myself any real happiness"; and then Swift, "I received your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night; and it put me in such confusion, that I could not tell what to do." And then Vanessa again, "'Tis impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last; I am sure I could have bore the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours."

With a single brief letter from Swift the series is suspended for five years, and when it is resumed the note is changed. But only for a time : "How many letters must I send you before I shall receive an answer ? Can you deny me in my misery the only comfort which I can expect at present ? Oh ! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one—that unexpressible passion I have for you. . . . Was I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity but what you are to be known by ? You are present everywhere." Her last letter is made unbearable with, "I find the more I think the more unhappy I am" ; and a few months later she died.

The malignant misrepresentation which Swift has suffered at the hands of writers of inferior genius comes oddly to mind in surveying the forty-eight letters of this correspondence. That he should have been thought inhuman, insolent, mean, and despicable is the strangest of inversions ; that he should now be thought enviable yet unhappy, ardent yet unyielding, tender yet inscrutable, is much more easily to be understood. These letters do not provoke summary judgments but, rather, prolonged musing, a reverie stirred with wonder and pity.

The five volumes of essays and lectures by Professor Woodberry suggest many questions. His name is but little known in England, yet the Publishers' Note informs me that in America his influence has been extraordinary, and that as Professor of Comparative Literature at Columbia University he showed unusual powers, the result being the establishment of a Woodberry Society. To read some of his essays is to understand why he is little known here ; to read others is to understand why his influence has been great in America. He is fond of the abstract and he is eloquent, and were there nothing else to say his five volumes would warrant only the briefest notice. He has an essay of ninety pages entitled *A New Defence of Poetry*, and he does not scruple to name Shelley as one of his masters, and is conscious of no rebuke. He prints two lectures on historical criticism and æsthetic criticism, both eloquent and both vague, and in reading them now I am painfully reminded of the form and voice that were needed—and no doubt ready—to give persuasiveness and authority to this resounding circumambulation. The phrase is an echo. . . . What, in fact, troubles even a diffident reader is the simple fondness for the abstract, which Professor Woodberry is not at all solitary in displaying ; and there is so much evidence of his facility that such a reader might almost be pardoned for concluding that there could be nothing more substantial than coloured amiabilities—the air balloons of this lecturer's desk.

Even when Professor Woodberry turns to individual authors he is pursued at times by something unfortunate. He addresses his audience on seventeenth-century poets and seems to deplore the necessity of speaking of a certain "profligate in youth and in later years a clergyman . . . a writer of religious verse also . . . a fine intellect united to a coarse physique . . . artistically and morally hybrid." It is of Donne that he speaks. He finds Vaughan little inferior to Herbert, and in Crashaw discovers "the graceful and pure form of that which in Donne seems harsh and impure ; and to appreciate it is a lesson in innocence." I will not stay to ask if innocence can indeed be taught, but pass on to Herrick, "a clergyman, but his religion was of very slight consequence . . . the subject of his amatory poetry is not love, but sex, and its mood is of the senses without the heart." It is far from a sleepy influence that Professor Woodberry distils in these insensitive perversities.

But it is unfair to dwell so long upon his faults. It may be that the projectors of this edition, originally issued in America, were maddened by enthusiasm and swept in all that sadder and wiser men would have shut out ; and indeed there is much that could have been blessedly spared. But there is much that is worth reading. With a subject made for his hand—Shelley, Swinburne, Crabbe, and almost any other subject of *Literary Essays*—Professor Woodberry writes intelligently, warmly and often

admirably, using easily the manner of Lowell and company very happily with him in the attractiveness of his best essays. Where Leslie Stephen is dry, Professor Woodberry is fervid ; where Bagehot is restless and sparkling, Professor Woodberry is sedate and profuse ; where Pater is searching and Arnold ironic, Professor Woodberry is simple, earnest, and idealistic. But if American readers prefer American critics to English, it is all to the good that they should be able to resort to the best among these five volumes. Idealistic I have called him, and I must hasten to add that there is a charming and candid humility in his claims on behalf of American literature :

I myself regard America as a backward nation in her own group. We have had but one original thinker in the last generation, William James, and I had to go to Europe to find it out ; they do not seem to know it yet [1911] in Boston. A brief contact with Continental thought and affairs is sufficient to reveal, not only the finer quality, variety, and potency of civilising power there, but the great gap by which we fail of their realised advance in ideas, measures, and anticipations ; there one feels the pulses of the world. I cannot overstate my sense of the degree in which we lag behind in all that concerns the world except trade. I feel the more regret, therefore, when I observe the weakening of our hold on the one great principle that has distinguished us as a nation—our sense of political justice. . . . I can bear that we should fail, relatively, in art and letters, have little sense of beauty or skill in man's highest wisdom, philanthropic thought, or in his highest faculty, imagination, but I cannot bear that we should fail in justice.

It is an honourable and handsome acknowledgment, and if we read it now with a touch of self-reproach, the touch is not intended by the author, who is finely incapable of suggesting things he does not care to say.

Wordsworth is, perhaps, equal with Shelley in the mastery of Professor Woodberry's mind, and affords the moral standard around which our author's æsthetic is faithfully entwined. " One of the most salutary uses of great poetry is to give a scale to life. . . . If I were to sum up in a single expression the immediate power of *Paradise Lost* over men, I should say that no poem so dilates the mind ; by so doing it gives a scale to life—the scale of infinity." It is Wordsworth that braces him to the occasional rigidity with which he confronts human action and liberty—though never Shelley's ; but it is pure fondness for literature that leads him to forget all extrinsic virtues and standards when he approaches Swinburne in one of the longest yet most readable of his essays. It is a pity that he does not share Swinburne's passion for Landor, nor show us what prose is finer than that of the *Imaginary Conversations* ; it is a pity that he does not quite realise the amazing exactness with which Crabbe has poured the east coast into his only half-fluid verse ; it is a pity that he feels too coldly towards Arnold the poet and more frigidly still towards Coleridge ; but his opinions simply give variety to his essays and do not destroy the pleasure with which the best of them can be read.

JOHN FREEMAN

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THE EARLY LIFE OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1798: A Study of *The Prelude*. By EMILE LEGOUIS. Translated by J. W. MATTHEWS. Dent. 10s. 6d.

DIARIES OF COURT LADIES OF OLD JAPAN. Translated by ANNIE SHEPLEY OMORI and KOCHI DOI. Constable. 21s.

PORTRAITS OF THE 'NINETIES. By E. T. RAYMOND. Unwin. 15s.

MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE. By RALPH L. NEVILL. Methuen. 15s.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GAY, 1685-1732. By LEWIS MELVILLE. O'Connor. 8s. 6d.

EMINENT VICTORIANS. By LYTTON STRACHEY. Chatto & Windus. (New Edition.) 7s. 6d.

PROFESSOR LEGOUIS' study of Wordsworth's youth was put forth in 1897, and is now famous. Admirably translated by Mr. J. W. Matthews, it is delightful reading, as well as extraordinary. In all the field of English literature I don't suppose a more unlikely corner could be found in which a French critic should browse; nor can I recall any study of a foreign author so illuminative as this is to that author's fellow-countrymen. M. Legouis' plan is—a commentary upon *The Prelude*. He takes that poem of seven thousand lines clause by clause, unfolding as he goes both the work and the mental growth it was designed to exhibit; as the history develops he draws upon other poems and fits them—"little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses"—into their places in the "Gothic Cathedral," which was Wordsworth's idea of his book as a whole. The value of this study, not only to the lovers of poetry but to professed exponents of Wordsworth's poetry, is obvious, and is fully admitted by one of the best of them, Professor George McLean Harper, whose fine book, you might think, would have been cramped for elbow-room beside so solid a forerunner. The basis, however, of the two books is not the same. Professor Harper studies the making of a Tory out of a Jacobin. Professor Legouis must be suffered to state his own case:

For fifty years it was Wordsworth's lot to labour with unflagging persistence to create in his fellow-men, *and to keep alive within himself*, the conviction that the present is not without cause for thankfulness, nor the future without grounds for hope. Destined, in the course of this unceasing warfare against the pessimism of his age, to take rank among the greatest poets of his country, his claim to that honour was to find its sanction in his possession of three essential gifts.

That (the italics being my own) is the theme of the book: to elaborate it would take me too far in this place. I should find it, also, difficult to speak in terms of moderation of the insight, the sympathy, the interpretative genius with which a French critic has been able to apprehend the mind and heart of a poet so entirely outside the range of French poetry.

"Consolatories," as Milton says, "are writ" in the hearts of men, and one of them surely is that human nature is substantially the same throughout space and time, whether you take the wings of the morning—the-day-before-yesterday-morning, or fly to central Africa, or remote Asia. "*Vere novo*," said the schoolboy; "it is true, I know it," man has been constant to his nature (which I fear is inconstancy) since he gnawed bones in a neolithic pit-dwelling. Since that day of obscure dawn he has been a clamative beast, and woman has been bountiful. If it is not consoling to know that we are no worse than we used to be I misread the signs of the times.

To obtain that consolation I suppose there is little that we would not give for the diary of a lady, say, of the court of Edward the Confessor. I shun exaggeration, but, knowing my own need of comfort in this desolate world, I believe I would give one of my eyes—provided I could be sure of keeping the other, and, of course, that the diary was beyond suspicion. Even then, unless the document was as minute in detail at least as Pepys's, I should feel that I had been cheated out of a member, and should die with a grievance. I suggest Edward the Confessor because, with my eyes *in situ*, I actually have a thing of the kind at my elbow now.

It is a book called *Diaries of Court Ladies of Old Japan*, and has been translated by Annie Shepley Omori and Kochi Doi. Three diaries are included, of which the first, called (I can't find out why) "The Sarashima Diary," was written by the daughter of Fujiwara Takasue between A.D. 1009 and 1059; the second, which is Murasaki Shikibu's, covers the dates 1007 to 1010; and the third, Izumi Shikibu's, is for the two years 1002-1003. Edward the Confessor? They will take you back to Ethelred the Unready. Is that not a marvellous thing? Nothing is marvellous, coming from Japan.

Shikibu, it is as well to explain, is a title, not a name: the two diarists were not sisters, nor anyways related. Murasaki was lady-in-waiting to Queen Akiko, and incidentally a famous novelist! Izumi, on the other hand, was the greatest woman-poet Japan has had. I don't know why the lady-novelist startles me more than the lady-poet. She would not to-day; but in Ethelred's time——! It is on a level, however, with all that we know of their extraordinary, not to say superhuman, country that, in the time of Ethelred and Saint Dunstan, the Japanese should have had a poetess and a lady-novelist, as the saying is, going strong. How strong the poetess in particular was going—not to say going it—is revealed in her diary—which contains as much of her poetry as of her prose, the one as charming as the other. But Murasaki, the lady-novelist, takes her novel—it was in about forty volumes—for granted, and confines herself, but most beautifully, to the court ceremonies incident to the birth of a prince to the reigning house, and her reflections and sensations obtained from them. We can parallel the tedious formalities of her ceremonial with the dreary rubbish-heaps of that Marquis de Dangeau, who diarised the Court of Louis XIV in nine or ten volumes. But how wonderfully finer is the Japanese lady's chronicle of six hundred years earlier! How delicate are her reactions, how closely recorded! How beautiful, how sensitive to sight, sound, smell, is the soul she reveals to us! This is how she opens:

As the autumn season approaches the Tsuchimikado (that is, the house where the Queen awaited her confinement) becomes inexpressibly smile-giving. The tree-tops near the pond, the bushes near the stream, are dyed in various tints whose colours grow deeper in the mellow light of evening. The murmuring sound of waters mingles all the night through with the never-ceasing recitation of sutras (prayers) which appeal to one's heart as the breezes grow cooler.

Dangeau wrote up his diary every autumn at Fontainebleau. Did he ever notice the sights or sounds of the forest in its fall? He did not.

It is still the dead of night, the moon is dim, and *darkness lies under the trees*. We hear an officer call, "The outer doors of the Queen's apartment must be opened. The maids-of-honour are not yet come—let the Queen's secretaries come forward." While this order is being given the three o'clock bell resounds, *startling the air*. Immediately the prayers at the five altars begin. . . .

That is marvellous writing, both accurate and sensitive. Who among us, *tempore Regis Edwardi*, would have noticed how a sudden bell "startles the night," or how, in moonlight, the shadow under trees deepens the darkness? How many of us would notice them now?

When night came we had beautiful dances—this is after the birth of the prince. The names of the dances performed were The Pleasures of Ten Thousand Ages, The Pleasures of a Peaceful Reign, The Happy Palace. When they danced The Long-Pleasing Son, the closing one, they went out singing and danced along the road beyond the garden hills. As they went farther away the sound of flute and drum mingled with the sound of wind in the pinewood towards which they were going. The garden brook, cleansed very carefully, was refreshing to us, *and the sound of the water rippling on the pond gave us a chilly feeling.*

These people are Æolian harps. And here is another "consolatory" for us—that the Long-Pleasing Son, danced in A.D. 1007, was danced at the coronation of the present Emperor of Japan in A.D. 1915. Tradition like that, a wonderful thing, the wisdom of the ages still vocal in us, may exist in Europe, for it is the last thing to die. But we are quite unconscious of it. I believe that they have a sword-dance in Northumberland which can be recognised as the ritual of human sacrifice, as a *Sacre au l'rintemps* in fact. That deeply interesting truth, if truth it be, has had to be divined by somebody, who has given nights and days of study to the like of it. In Japan, however, tradition is still green, conscious of its greenness, still in action. History there lies less in books than in the present deeds of men.

Our people have changed, we hope for the better, but theirs not for a thousand years; or if they have, then surely for the worse. But we are not even yet where they were when we were living like animals, "in the sensual sty." Not that the men and women of Murasaki's daily acquaintance were above infirmities—far from that. Men got drunk, and ladies too fond, or too kind, in A.D. 1007, even in Japan. "The ladies, thinking that after all the intoxicated men were only trying to seem young and irresistible, made light of their behaviour and said, 'It is nothing, nobody else will behave so.' . . . The King's Adviser, leaning in a corner, was flirting with Lady Hyobu. The Prime Minister did not forbid even unmentionable jokes." The Prime Minister, I regret to find, was "much intoxicated"; yet he improvised a poem in honour of the prince, which "had feeling, for it came from his innermost desire." In England, just then, men "died as they stood at their drink," or gorged themselves with lampreys and died "of a surfeit." Their poems, if any, were like Beowulf or the Roman de Rou. I must close Lady Murasaki's Diary with an instance of her susceptibility to impressions, to find a Western parallel for which I should have to travel to the nineteenth century:

On the twentieth day of the Frost-month the dance of Gosetchi was performed. . . . Torches were lighted in close rows along the outer doors of the eastern veranda, so there was day-brightness, and it was really awkward to wait there. I felt for the girls, but it was not they only who were embarrassed. Young nobles looked at the girls face to face, almost bringing the lights down in front of them. They tried to draw a curtain before themselves, but in vain, and the nobles' eyes were still on them. *My heart throbs even at the memory of it.*

Match me that in anyone but Dorothy Wordsworth, *mutatis mutandis*.

MAURICE HEWLETT

HISTORY

THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF FRANCE AND GERMANY, 1815-1914. By J. H. CLAPHAM. Cambridge University Press. 18s.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS HOWARD EARL OF ARUNDEL. By MARY HARVEY. Cambridge University Press. 9s.

ANTHONY HAMILTON. By RUTH CLARK. John Lane. 21s.

BELGIUM. By EMILE CAMMAERTS. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d.

SPAIN'S DECLINING POWER IN SOUTH AMERICA. By BERNARD MOSES. University of California Press.

TWENTY YEARS. By CYRIL ALINGTON. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

LA VIE DU GÉNÉRAL MALET. By FREDERIC MASSON. P. Ollendorff. 12fr.

SOURCES FOR THE HISTORY OF ROMAN CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND, ETC. By J. H. POLLEN. S.P.C.K. 1s. 3d.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER AND THE EMPIRE. By the HON. J. FORTESCUE. Oxford University Press. 2s.

ALTHOUGH in his *Economic Development of France and Germany, 1815-1914*, Dr. Clapham is careful to avoid comprehensive statements and easy simplifications, yet he does provide the reader with certain general notions of the main currents of change. Of these main currents perhaps the principal is that which made the urban wage-earner the "representative common man." This is no new discovery; but the great interest of Dr. Clapham's book, at least to those who are not expert in economic matters, is that it insists how tiny a minority were "the lifelong wage-earners of industry" at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and explains with learning and clarity, but without determinism or teleology, how in a hundred years the minority had become preponderant, if not in numbers certainly in effect.

This process may be properly called Anglicisation, for not only had it already, before 1815, gone very far in England, whose revolutions in agriculture and industry so much preceded those on the continent, but also England was, during many decades of continental industrialisation, and in many relevant respects, both consciously and admittedly, a model. This pre-existence of the type towards which it tended reinforces the obvious temporal unity of the development which Dr. Clapham describes.

One condition, without which that development would have been impossible, was freedom from the long and devastating wars which, it is hardly too much to say, had hitherto been the normal habit of Europe. This freedom Europe enjoyed for ninety-nine years, and if it began only as a result of the exhaustion of one period of warfare and found its fulfilment and culmination in another, still its uniqueness remains, and those who enjoyed it should have been more grateful than they were to Metternich and Castlereagh and Talleyrand. As England provided the model, so this long interval of comparative peace provided the opportunity for industrialisation in France and Germany.

At the beginning of the period French agriculture was much what it had been for six centuries: recent convulsions had been legal and not economic or technical in their effects on agriculture. In Germany, agriculture was even more mediæval, chiefly because, as compared with France, Germany was almost townless, so that there had been no parallels to the modernisation necessitated by the problem of feeding, for instance, Paris. Indeed, the German population was perhaps not greater in 1800 than

it had been in 1600 : a consideration which may cause the twentieth century to hesitate before such titles as "The Great War." Still, the Revolution, however exclusively legal in its effects on the countryside, had "cleared the field for the operation of new forces," and not in France only but to some extent in Germany as well, so that the nineteenth century was enabled to organise its agriculture so as with the least amount of labour to provide food for its swiftly-growing towns.

The first step in this organisation was the increase in the cultivation of the potato, which, from a position of unimportance at the end of the eighteenth century, had risen by the middle of the nineteenth to that indispensability which it still has, and which was emphasised by the recent war. The Napoleonic wars, which popularised the potato, introduced the sugar-beet, destined to rival the potato in importance during the ensuing century. A little later there came from England the knowledge of the earthenware drain-pipe, and from the German universities the chemistry of agriculture.

The other great factor in the modernisation of farming, the use of machines, came much later. In France it was not till about 1875 that the introduction of machinery began to reduce the numbers of the rural working population (and, incidentally, even then there was an opposite and almost equal tendency from dairy-farming and market-gardening), and as late as 1892 "the typical products of the application of nineteenth-century metallurgy and engineering to agriculture had not even conquered the larger French holdings"; nevertheless, there had been a general increase in productivity, except for the decrease in sheep which was common to Western Europe and the disaster to the vineyards in the 'seventies, from which recovery was hardly complete twenty-five years later.

This tardy modernisation of French agriculture was matched by an industrialisation which remained slow and occasional down to almost the end of the nineteenth century. For this the main reason, no doubt, was the weakness of the French coal position : the total resources are inadequate, and down to the middle of the century they were by no means all known, nor could all that were known be utilised, so that "throughout this period Belgium raised more coal than all France"; and, incidentally, "Belgium was the one country in Europe which kept pace industrially with England." During this period machinery was affecting a number of French trades hitherto untouched, but at the end of it true factory conditions were still exceptional, and it was still possible for a well-informed observer to take the view that the few large establishments were undesirable and impermanent exceptions nursed into life by high tariffs (and so, no doubt, some of them were). It was in the next half-century that industrialisation really quickened : in 1851 a quarter of the population had been urban, by 1913 statisticians were prophesying that it would be a half in 1920. This change had been retarded by the delay in railway building, by the national self-distrust that followed 1870, and by the effort, on the whole successful, to be self-sufficient, at the price of comparatively stagnant exports and a comparatively constant population. It came, when it did come, with the enormous increase in steam-power in the 'nineties, and in hydro-electric power in the early nineteen-hundreds. "All the power used in French industry in 1890 would only have driven a few squadrons of the capital ships of 1920"; and to this it may be added that "only in the twentieth century was the life of the small concern even seriously threatened in France; and that, in this very century, the electric motor and the gas-engine were tending, at worst, to delay execution, at best, to give permanent vitality." Still, by 1914 France was an industrial state in the same sense, if not to the same extent, as England and Germany, though her policy of self-sufficiency had combined with other causes to keep her far behind in some respects, notably in ship-building and the carrying trade.

In Germany, too, urbanisation was the work of the last half, and especially of the last quarter, of the century before the war : in some ways more so than in France, for Germany began the period with almost three-quarters of her population rural, and

forty years later the figures were almost the same. Industrialisation really began about 1835, and quickened a good deal ten years later : Dr. Clapham shows what was its connection with the Zollverein, and what the connection of the Zollverein with the Prussian tariff of 1818, pointing out that in both cases there has been a good deal of the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* fallacy. But it was from the 'seventies onward that began the terrific pace of industrialisation which has been characteristic of modern Germany, and especially the terrific pace of urbanisation, when the town population increased from hardly over a third in 1871 to three-fifths in 1910. Dr. Clapham shows how all the forces that have modernised industry struck Germany in two generations, many of them in one—the railways, the abolition of mediæval restrictions, the expansion of the Zollverein, modern finance, the great steel inventions, national union, overseas expansion. He describes, too, the technical progress in agriculture which accompanied this advance in industry, and did something to make it possible ; and he indicates how much the characteristic peculiarities of German industrialism are bound up with the period and the rapidity of its development—the emergence, for instance, of trade unions as offshoots of a political party, and the organisation of posts and railways as “ only the civil sections of the army.”

I have tried to indicate how *The Economic Development of France and Germany* explains and illustrates the rise of the urban wage-earner as the representative European, because if that is not the chief lesson of the book, at least, it is the most generally interesting ; but it would be wrong to leave the impression that this particular truth has been disproportionately enforced (though some readers may not be convinced that the town labourer has done more in France than share the place of the peasant). Dr. Clapham is no less learned and clear about, for instance, the increased reliance upon anonymous capital, the spreading of a uniform commercial practice, and the shrinking of the world into one market ; and he throws light upon such comparatively curious subjects as the connection between the *première communion* and the prosperity of Tarare, or between secret diplomacy and practical Cobdenism. No one can read his book without coming to a better understanding of European history in the last century.

KENNETH PICKTHORN

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

- THE SADHU. By B. H. STREETER and A. J. APPASAMY. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.
- A JEWISH VIEW OF JESUS. By H. G. ENELow. Macmillan. \$1.50.
- PHILOSOPHUMENA : HIPPOLYTUS. Translated by F. LEGGE. Two volumes. S.P.C.K. 30s.
- THE PROOF OF THE GOSPEL : EUSEBIUS. Translated by W. J. FERRAR. Two volumes. S.P.C.K. 30s.
- THE FULFILMENT OF THE CHURCH. By DAVID JENKS, S.S.M. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.
- THE INTENTION OF HIS SOUL. By M. L. SIMPSON. Hodder & Stoughton.
- SUPERNATURAL MYSTICISM. By BENEDICT WILLIAMSON. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.
- STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. By W. R. MATHEWS. Macmillan. 12s.
- THE SWEDISH RITE. By ERIC E. YELVERTON. S.P.C.K. 8s. 6d.

WHILE Mr. Enelow is anxious to remind the Christian world that the Jesus of history was a Jew, the remarkable volume which Dr. Streeter and Mr. Appasamy have compiled is evidence that the Jesus of faith, the Christ whom St. Paul preached and St. John testified to, appeals most powerfully to Oriental minds. Students of missions have long been aware that in India, especially in South India, there has been of recent years a most remarkable movement towards Christianity. There is Christian influence, if somewhat diluted, plainly to be seen in the lives and work of Indians who do not profess Christianity ; and, among other Oriental nations, China and Korea are noteworthy for the combination of Christianity with advanced political and national aspirations. There is something of that condition in India ; but it is not for this that the life of Sundar Singh is remarkable. This Sikh ascetic, who has fascinated by his simplicity and wisdom so notable a modernist as Dr. Streeter, is one of the strange, bewildering persons who are not content to be believing Christians, but find that the practice of their religion involves for themselves the adoption of a life in imitation of Jesus. Sundar Singh is the son of wealthy parents, Sikh by race, but eclectics in religion. His mother inspired him with the desire to live the life of an ascetic. He was vehemently anti-Christian, a diligent student of the Hindu sacred books—at seven years of age he had most of the Bhagavad Gita by heart, and when he was sixteen he had read the Granth of the Sikhs, the Koran, and over fifty of the Upanishads—yet he found no comfort. His conversion to Christianity is best described in his own words :

Three days after I had burnt the Bible, I woke up about three o'clock in the morning, had my usual bath, and prayed, " O God, if there is a God, wilt thou show me the right way or I will kill myself." My intention was that, if I got no satisfaction, I would place my head upon the railway line when the 5 o'clock train passed by and kill myself. If I got no satisfaction in this life, I thought I would get it in the next. I was praying and praying and got no answer ; and I prayed for half-an-hour longer hoping to get peace. At 4.30 a.m. I saw something of which I had no idea at all previously. In the room where I was praying I saw a great light. I thought the place was on fire. I looked round, but could find nothing. Then the thought came to me that this might be an answer that God had sent me. Then as I prayed and looked into the light I saw the form of the Lord Jesus Christ. It had such an appearance of glory and love. If it had been some Hindu incarnation

I would have prostrated myself before it. But it was the Lord Jesus Christ whom I had been insulting a few days before. I felt that a vision like this could not come out of my own imagination. I heard a voice saying in Hindustani, "How long will you persecute me? I have come to save you; you were praying to know the right way. Why do you not take it?" The thought then came to me, "Jesus Christ is not dead but living and it must be He Himself." So I fell at His feet and got this wonderful Peace which I could not get anywhere else.

From that time, in spite of persecution, persuasion, efforts to murder him, Sundar Singh has remained a Christian, and, as a Christian, Sadhu, owning nothing but his saffron robe, has preached not only in his own country, but in Tibet, Ceylon, Burma, the Straits Settlement, China, Japan, Europe, America, and Australia. In this volume Dr. Streeter and Mr. Appasamy have collected the Sadhu's opinions on many controversial subjects; but what is of chief interest is the evidence the book gives of the power of the Christian ideal to awaken new life in old civilizations. The Sadhu has found the New Testament enshrined among the sacred books of a Tibetan scholar who had never heard of Christianity, and his experiences among hostile peoples again and again illustrates the fact that there are spirits that "are naturally Christian." The Sadhu has nothing of that narrow bigotry which sometimes marks the convert. He told the Archbishop of Canterbury, "If I do not see my mother in Heaven, I shall ask God to send me to hell so that I may be with her." He is amusedly distressed at the dissensions of Christians, and, although an Anglican himself, has refused to be ordained or to confine his preaching in Europe to any one church. Apart from its vivid interest as religious biography, this book is of the greatest value to the student of religious psychology and of religious legend. The parallel between the Sadhu and St. Francis is obvious; and it is to be hoped that someone with a critical sense and religious enthusiasm will be able to give detailed attention to Sundar Singh's life. Dr. Streeter has, with propriety, concentrated here mainly on his gospel: there is a chapter on his vision in ecstasy, and it supports one's sense of his sanity to find him in accord with such great mystics as St. Theresa in refusing to regard these visions as anything but a special *charisma*, a gift more comparable to artistic genius than to anything essentially or necessarily religious.

Students of the earlier Christian authors, especially students of apologetics, are in real debt to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for its admirable venture in printing translations of ancient texts. Mr. Legge is well known as one of the sanest and most learned authorities on the history of the first days of Christianity: his translations of and notes to the third-century work of Hippolytus is worthy of the reputation of the author of *Forerunners and Rivals of Christianity*. The *Philosophumena* is our chief source for information about the heresies which disputed with orthodoxy in the sub-Apostolic age. It is full of information which has interest not merely for the student of religion, but for the anthropologist and the folklorist. Eusebius of Cæsarea is a less exciting author; and his book is chiefly memorable, not for its apologetic value, but for its sidelights on the Christianity of its date, the first decade of the fourth century. For instance, one notices that, in the churches with which he is familiar, daily Mass is already the custom. Father Jenks and Mr. Mathews are both occupied—in Father Jenks it is perhaps preoccupation—with the need to bring religion into relation with modern thought. Mr. Mathews is concerned with the philosophical aspect of Christian theology, Father Jenks with the practical aspects of church religion. Unfortunately, neither author is gifted with a very clear style, while Mr. Mathews is hampered by the customary jargon of the philosopher. His best chapter is that on Divine Personality, and he is particularly strong in rebutting the charge of anthropomorphism.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

MY MEMOIRS. By PRINCE LUDWIG WINDISCHGRAETZ. Translated by CONSTANCE VESEY. Allen & Unwin. 16s.

ALLIED SHIPPING CONTROL. An Experiment in International Administration. By J. A. SALTER, C.B. (Director of Ship Requisitioning, Secretary to the Allied Maritime Transport Council, and Chairman of the Allied Maritime Transport Executive). Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF WAR. By A. C. PIGOU, M.A. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

A SHORT FISCAL AND FINANCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND (1815-1918). By J. F. REES, M.A. (Lecturer on Economic History in the University of Edinburgh). Methuen. 6s.

A HISTORY OF LABOUR. By GILBERT STONE, B.A., LL.B. (sometime Secretary to the Coal Industry Commission and Deputy Head of Production, Coal Mines Department). Harrap. 15s.

AGRICOLA : A Study of Agriculture and Rustic Life in the Greco-Roman World from the Point of View of Labour. By W. E. HEITLAND, M.A. (Fellow of St. John's College). Cambridge University Press. 47s. 6d.

"YE emperors, kings, dukes, marquises, earls, and knights, and all the people desirous of knowing the story of the fall of the Habsburgs (the ghost of Marco Polo will forgive my taking a liberty with his famous prologue!) read through the Memoirs of Prince Ludwig Windischgraetz, and ye will find in it the greatest and most marvellous characteristics of certain great and marvellous people in a great and marvellous war. . . . From the creation of Adam to the present day no man, whether Pagan or Saracen or Christian or other, of progeny whatever he may have been, ever saw or inquired into so many and such great things as Ludwig Windischgraetz above mentioned." Nothing less, I assure you, is fitting to be printed in the beginning of this book. Its author puts into the shade all the romantic adventurers of history; Ulysses and Baron Munchausen, Alcibiades and Mr. Winston Churchill, are dull dogs beside this Magyar princeling. He was scarcely out of his teens when he was captured by the Japanese at the battle of Mukden. He got away in a Norwegian transport, ran into a typhoon and, lashed with the captain to the bridge, lived on champagne and cakes. In New York he was "ambushed in a night-house," shot a mulatto, and went to prison with prostitutes and thieves. In Africa he shot lions. When he came home he married, went bankrupt, turned his ancestral estates into a limited liability company, and "travelled" in his own Tokay wine. Presently he plunged into the whirlpool of politics; played the spy in Serbia, disguised now as a locksmith, now as a waiter; did daring deeds with the Bulgarian cavalry; interviewed Caillaux in Paris; quarrelled with the Archduke Franz Ferdinand; wrote pamphlets, promoted duels, and tried to prevent the European War.

From 1914 onwards his versatility had to confine itself within narrower channels. Nevertheless his adventures continued. He was fighting or plotting here, there, and everywhere—in Serbia, in Bulgaria, in Macedonia, on the Italian front and the Russian front, and his frequent visits on leave to Budapest or Vienna always seem to have caused a violent flutter in the dovescotes. He was a bitter and dangerous critic of the Government and still more of the Supreme Command. "Our whole machinery," he writes as early as November, 1914, "is inherently rotten. Our State is governed by a combination of loyalty, humbug, ante-chamber administration and

a tissue of lies." The death of the old Emperor and the accession of Karl brought Prince Ludwig back into politics. He soon became the friend and confidant of the new monarch; early in 1918 he was prevailed upon to accept the important and disagreeable office of Food Controller; and later, according to his own account, was constantly being pressed to become Prime Minister of Hungary. He struggled loyally by the side of his master through the last dark days, and at the end we leave him in Switzerland—still in an atmosphere of melodrama—dogged by spies, knocking down assassins who want to throw him into the river at midnight, pointed at by his enemies as the traitor who had misappropriated some millions of crowns from the "Central Potato Office." He is indignant at his treatment by his ungrateful countrymen. He was regarded as a "red" by his peers; he had attacked and was hated by the pillars of the old régime. "How was it, then, that the Peoples' Governments looked on me only as the 'black,' the reactionary prince?"

The answer to this naïve question is not, as Prince Ludwig suggests, that the Revolution had changed nothing; but that it had changed a great deal, and that the Peoples' Governments had some reason, as any reader of this book will agree, for distrusting him. It is not for the reviewer to decide how far he or they were right or wrong, and it is impossible to pass any detailed judgments on the veracity of these remarkable Memoirs. One cannot take seriously all Prince Ludwig's stories of himself; his egregious vanity, which bursts out on every page, is too reminiscent of Falstaff on the morrow of the Gadshill affair. Yet the book has historical value, even if the history be sometimes distorted. It paints (and paints with great dramatic skill) a lurid picture of the death struggle of the Dual Monarchy—the human passions, good and evil, the privations of the many and the disgusting comfort of the few, the kaleidoscope of intrigues and treachery and corruption and incompetence in the political world. Besides the author himself, the democratic aristocrat, with his courage, his energy and his colossal conceit, there are two characters which stand out—the dour, narrow and masterful old Tisza, and the young Emperor, amiable, conscientious, pacific, strong in good intentions and yet just too weak to carry them out.

Allied Shipping Control is another war-record, of a very different sort from Prince Ludwig's Memoirs. The difference may be summed up shortly in that speech of Themistocles, who, "desired at a feast to touch a lute, said: *He could not fiddle, but yet could make a small town a great city.*" Prince Ludwig's stage is set with fiddlers; Mr. Salter's with men opposing patriotism to greed, and turning chaos into organisation—or, rather, it shows the work of these men, for the author has felt it proper to impose on himself, "as a self-denying ordinance, the omission of all names and any attempt to apportion either personal praise or blame." If the book thus loses something in liveliness, it gains in intensity and clearness. It is an admirable record of a great achievement, with a large moral for the future. Mr. Salter first outlines our pre-war shipping system—a system which seemed to many people good enough for a world at peace, but which broke down hopelessly under the abnormal conditions of war. State control was applied and steadily increased, until in the final phase we see Allied organisation, international control substituted for the separate national controls. The main instrument of this control was the Allied Maritime Transport Council, which was created at the end of 1917 and began to function in 1918, and whose creation and effective functioning owed far more to Mr. Salter's own ability than his modesty allows to appear.

Into the excellent account of this piece of work, and into other closely related and not less essential activities of the Ministry of Shipping on which Mr. Salter touches more lightly, it is not necessary to enter here. But it is desirable to call attention to the last section of the book, where the principles and the future of international administration are discussed with great acumen. Since the Armistice we have fallen back—too hastily, some observers say—into the old ways. Yet we have

learned something, and it is not likely that in the next war, fools though we are, we shall flounder again as if this experiment had never been made. And, wars apart, is it not possible that we may presently be persuaded, or driven, to apply our lesson to a peace-time organisation? Mr. Salter has much that is valuable to say on this point. He reminds us that the vital principle of international administration which was discovered and applied in the department of shipping was the "principle of direct contact between specialists." He explores and develops the principle, and shows how it is in harmony with the fundamental purposes of the League of Nations. Neither his principle nor the League, as he sees them, point, at present at any rate, to a central super-government. International administration

will work through the executive organisation of the national Governments. It will influence, co-ordinate, perhaps control their work. But it will not replace them. It will obtain its power, not from an authority conferred by delegation, but by continuous pressure and influence on the centres of national power. . . . One can conceive that, though the headquarters of the League may be in a single city not itself a centre of direct executive power, the League's real organisation will be, both in reality and visibly to all men, not located in one city but in sections in all the main capitals of the world. The central organisation of the League will not be a centre of controlling power, but an instrument to co-ordinate activity which is world-wide in its influence and its efforts. No organisation, which attempts to dominate, can conceivably dominate within anything but the most limited scope and range. But an organisation, which is content with the more modest rôle of assisting the nations to govern themselves in co-operation, may permeate and gradually transform the whole policy of the world.

These are sound generalisations; but the reader is not left with them alone. He will find in this well-argued chapter practical suggestions for the applying of a system of sane internationalism.

It is useful to have Mr. Rees's competent sketch of the nineteenth century. It deals with the development of taxation, from the days of the prudent Pitt and the imprudent Vansittart to the days of the unlabellable Mr. Lloyd George, with the Tariff Reform struggles of the 1840's and the 1900's, with the vast growth of expenditure on social reforms and on armaments. The final chapter on the Great War is very tight-packed with facts, dullish and restrained in tone—rather too restrained, perhaps. But the curious reader will be interested to compare the story which it tells with the story of the Napoleonic War finance and its aftermath. He will find that there is little new in the difficulties and demands and devices of to-day. A century ago there were fierce disputes about paper-money and direct and indirect taxation; agitations for national economy and outcries against continued military expenditure; suggestions for reducing the national debt, and even the proposal of a capital levy—advocated, amongst others, by Ricardo, the economist, and Shelley, the poet. Yet the similarities of the two periods are largely superficial—or, at any rate, irrelevant from the point of view of affording us any clear guidance out of our present discontents. A hundred years ago England and the rest of the war-battered States had, as Mr. Rees says, "to face internal economic problems; now they have to grapple with international ones." It is not Mr. Rees's business to give us advice, and he does not attempt it—save for a passing hint at the importance of a capital levy. The passing hint by Mr. Rees is worked out at length by Professor Pigou in his *Political Economy of War*. Professor Pigou's advocacy of this measure is well known, and his argument need not be discussed here. It is enough to recall that he believes a graduated special levy, devoted to the repayment of the national debt, would help forward the economic recovery of the United Kingdom, and that he suggests we could raise by it between £3,000,000,000 and £4,000,000,000. For the rest, his book (which incorporates, by the way, a good deal that he has published previously) contains admirably clear and interesting analyses of the causes of war,

of what people do and ought to do by way of economy in wartime, and of what Government does and ought not to do. Professor Pigou's discussion of the relative advantages of taxes and loans as methods of war finance is conducted with judgment and skill, as also is his criticism of bank credits. His argument for a restoration of an effective gold standard (which, of course, does not imply a restoration of pre-war parity between a national currency and gold) looks well, but it would look better if it were not for the present collapse. We are obviously not yet out of the wood, and the joys of "deflation" are not likely to be realised without a long struggle.

Mr. Stone's *History of Labour* is a gallop through the centuries from Roman times, allowing us glimpses of slavery and serfdom, mediæval guilds, agrarian and industrial revolutions, parliamentary and social reforms. Many of these glimpses are interesting, but the reader seldom has time to grasp the meaning of what he is looking at. Often enough the view is distorted by want of proper balance in the treatment of the subject. Thus, after a comparatively full description of the rise of Trade Unionism in England, we find the whole period from 1875 to the beginning of the twentieth century dismissed in a line or two, with such astonishingly inaccurate statements as that "from now onward for the next twenty-five years the Trade Union movement is not marked by any substantial change," and that "the standard of life of the employed was secured without resort to any notable strikes." Mr. Stone is frightened at the power of the Trade Unions, and his main purpose throughout is to preach the folly of revolutionary action and the saving grace of evolution. His discussion of the problem of nationalisation is superficial. He is too prone to dub any efforts for large reforms Utopian, and he shows little understanding of what is meant by "workers' control." He argues that "efficiency is the test." Efficiency—in the sense of "the turning out of goods as cheaply as possible in as large a quantity as possible"—is no doubt a test, but it is not the only one. Mr. Stone does not appreciate the importance of Aristotle's maxim that a State exists not only *τοῦ ζῆν ἐνεκα*, but *τοῦ εὖ ζῆν*. It is true that he talks of the interdependence of efficiency and well-being; but he leaves us with the impression that, if we look after the efficiency, the well-being will look after itself.

Agricola is a history of the rural worker from about 1000 B.C. to the fifth century A.D., put together out of practically every Greek and Latin author from Homer to Apollinaris Sidonius. It is a solid and important piece of work, written with minute care and in an agreeable style. Budding politicians reading for the Classical Tripos should certainly appreciate Mr. Heitland's enterprise, and others of us, who have passed that happy stage, may be glad to go back and find new stuff in our old favourites and bores. The book is of peculiar interest in that it is a treatise not only on what was the bedrock industry in the ancient world, but on the institution of slavery. Greco-Roman agriculture, as Mr. Heitland conclusively shows, was, save in the earliest and latest periods, carried on mainly by slave-labour. And he may well be right in his contention that, once the State had got through the process of consolidation (for which some form of slavery might be necessary), the slave-system developed into "a canker, economic, social, and political . . . and that the maladies, from which the old Greco-Roman civilisation suffered, and which in the end brought about its decay and fall, were indirectly and directly due to this taint more than to any other cause."

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